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SAUNTERINGS IN SUMMERLAND

BY

J. TORREY CONNOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HERNANDO G. VILLA

1902

ERNEST K. FOSTER
LOS ANGELES

This book contains a number of selections from articles written by the author for The Los Angeles Times, The Los Angeles Herald, The Land of Sunshine, Overland, Munsey's Magazine, The Chautauquan and Demorest's Magazine.

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TO
THE TRIBE OF THE WANDERING FOOT

THIS IS THE WAY THAT LEADS DOWN INTO THE BLOSSOMING VALES OF SUMMERLAND

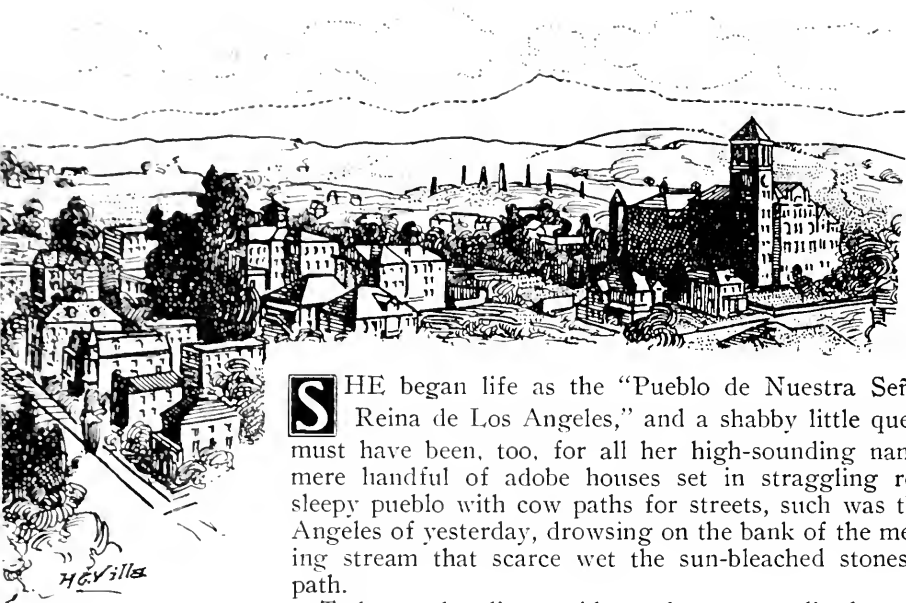
A FELLOW WANDERER, PASSING OUT, GREETES YOU AT

THE CROSS-ROADS, AND WISHES YOU

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

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Los Angeles, Yesterday and Today.



SHE began life as the "Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles," and a shabby little queen she must have been, too, for all her high-sounding name. A mere handful of adobe houses set in straggling rows, a sleepy pueblo with cow paths for streets, such was the Los Angeles of yesterday, drowsing on the bank of the meandering stream that scarce wet the sun-bleached stones in its path.

Today a bustling, wide-awake metropolis has pushed north, east, south and west—over the hills where the vaquero tended his herds; over the gravel flats where stood the shack of the Digger; straight across the broad acres of the rancho, obliterating the last trace of the land baron's hacienda.

With all her metropolitan airs, Los Angeles is not entirely given over to modern ways; and not the least among her charms are the things that remind one of "the days that were." Palatial residences and substantial business blocks have all but crowded the adobe, with its tile roof and shaded patio, its tiny, deep-set windows and earthen floor, out of sight. Yet now and then one still comes upon a bit of sunny Spain in the midst of prosaic brick and mortar—a garden, where orange trees drop perfumed petals upon the ground; and back of this, the time-stained adobe, screened from the gaze of the curious by a growth of tangled vines, long unpruned. Always there are children with velvet-black eyes, clinging to the skirts of the mother; yet always there is leisure for the siesta, the gossip with a passing friend, the pleasant hour in the garden.

Should the tourist wish to see where La Reina began life, let him seek the quarter known as "Sonoratown." The clanging of the street car gong has silenced the tinkle of the mandolin that timed the measures of the dance; the caballero's love plaint is no longer sung beneath the grated

window; and the "corner grocery" has supplanted the tienda, whose proprietor, in no wise concerned as to the extent of his sales, would put up the shutters at noon, every day, and betake himself to his casa for a three-hour siesta. Nevertheless, this is the Los Angeles of yesterday.

Here is the Plaza, and, opposite it, the church, dedicated in 1822. One may go in at almost any hour of the day and see dark-robed figures kneeling before the altar, or sitting with bowed heads on the long benches, placed before the stations of the cross. Over there is the confessional, where the plea of the penitent is heard; and here by the door the stone font of holy water, wherein Mexican worshiper and the sightseer alike dip their fingers, if they be of one faith.

Among the households of Sonoratown may still be found those who remember the days when the flag of the Mexican republic floated over the pueblo. La señora is bowed beneath the weight of years, but she has not forgotten how she danced in the moonlight under the golden-fruited orange trees, to the trilling of mandolins; and well she recalls how, with a glance from her bright eyes, she brought the gay caballero to her feet.

"Si señor, the pomegranate blossom that Manuel stuck in my hair was not redder than my cheek, and my step was light in the dance."

Could she ever have been young! The brown cheek beneath the faded rebozo is seamed with wrinkles now, and the light step has become a waddle since last she skipped the fandango with Manuel.

But Manuel, too, has his memories. He will tell of the trials for supremacy in feats of skill and strength among the youths, when oftentime the lawless blood would be spilled as freely as new wine; of the promenade in the Plaza, head up and broad-brimmed sombrero set jauntily on one side, shoulders back, spurs jangling—all with intent to charm the pretty maiden, dueña-guarded, whose eyes interpreted the speech denied; of the serenade under the grated window with only the stars to see the red rose that fluttered down to the hand of the caballero.



Manuel is not the picturesque figure of olden time. The showy jacket of velveteen, the silken sash, the broad-brimmed sombrero, heavy with gold braid, have been doffed for the commonplace garb that bears the stamp "ready made" in every ugly fold.

Ambition is not the predominant trait of these people of the adobe. There is always a "tomorrow" for them. As for today—the sunshine is warm, and there is enough corn in the jar for the coming meal of tortillas. After that, "God will provide."

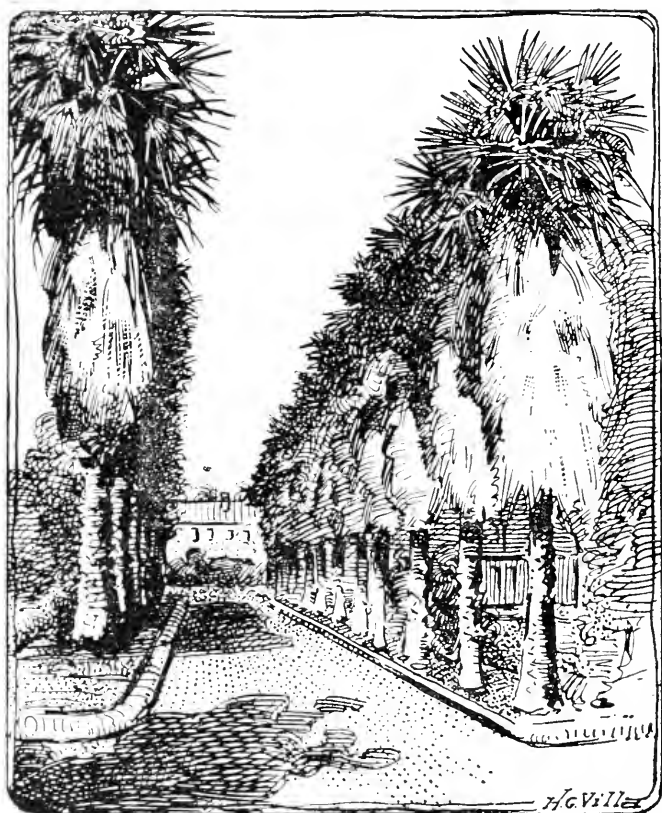
It is the firm, unwavering conviction that nothing which can be put off until tomorrow should be done today, that keeps the Mexican citizen high and dry upon the strand, while the tide of progress sweeps by and touches him not.

And so it came to pass that, while el señor dreamed in the shadow of his adobe, a city grew up about him—a city of 120,000 inhabitants, with a \$500,000 court house and a \$200,000 city hall, with quarter-of-a-million-dollar business blocks and miles of tasteful homes, with a street railway system costing \$4,000,000, and the best hotels in the world—the Los Angeles of today.

Spanish Serruade.

Here in the garden, Love, where roses twine,
I linger for a glance from thy sweet eyes.
For thee and me are all the stars ashine;
Soul of my heart, I await. Arise! Arise!

The Ins and Outs of the City.



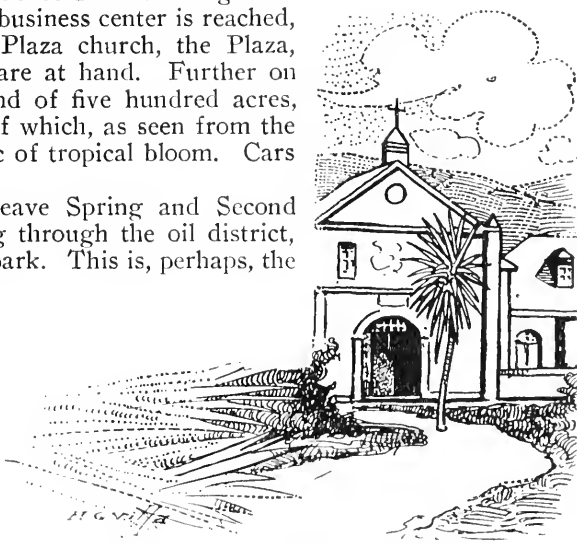
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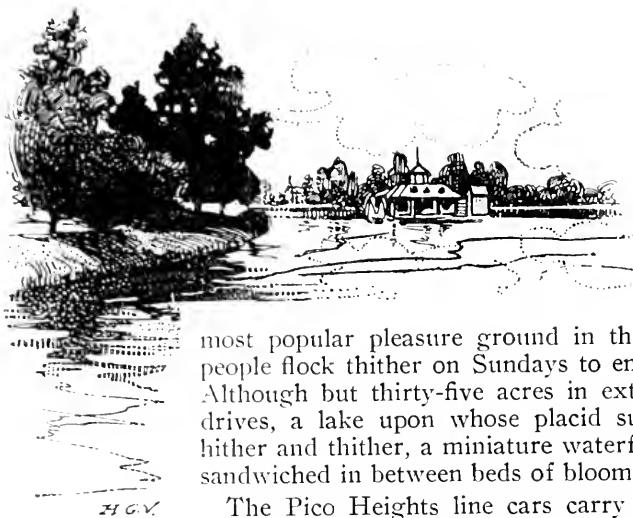
STREET CAR jaunts about Los Angeles afford the tourist every opportunity to learn the ins and outs of the city, and there is no more enjoyable way of "seeing the sights" than this. Boarding the first car that chances to pass along Spring street or on Broadway, the sightseer is carried far from "the humming hive of industry," through streets shaded by pepper and eucalyptus trees, to one of the many parks that beautify the city, to the poppy fields, or to nearby orange groves, where, if it be the season, he may (with the owner's permission), sample the golden fruits of Hesperides right where they grow. Or, crossing the river, he views from Boyle Heights the panorama spread out before him,—a "picture fair to see," embracing as it does the distant mountains, the sweep of valley, and in the immediate foreground the city, with the sunlight warm upon its roofs and heaven-reaching spires.

Another day, finding himself in old Los Angeles, he leaves the car at the Plaza, lured by the quaintly foreign aspect of that quarter, and explores "Chinatown," or rambles among the adobes of "Sonoratown." Then, choosing a new route, he passes through the oil well territory, where forests of derricks are etched against the sky.

The University line traverses the business portion of the city on Spring street; its railroad terminus is the University station of the Southern Pacific Railway. Near this station is Agricultural park, where pedigreed horses speed over the finest track in Southern California. En route to East Los Angeles, the cars pass the University of Southern California, thence through the fashionable residence district of Figueroa and Adams streets. Presently the business center is reached, left behind, and the picturesque Plaza church, the Plaza, "Chinatown" and "Sonoratown" are at hand. Further on is Elysian park, a pleasure ground of five hundred acres, largely unimproved, the terraces of which, as seen from the cars, present to view a rich mosaic of tropical bloom. Cars at intervals of five minutes.

The Westlake park line cars leave Spring and Second streets every seven minutes, going through the oil district, and continuing, stop at Westlake park. This is, perhaps, the





most popular pleasure ground in the city, and crowds of people flock thither on Sundays to enjoy the band concerts. Although but thirty-five acres in extent, the park has fine drives, a lake upon whose placid surface row-boats skim hither and thither, a miniature waterfall, and a cacti corner, sandwiched in between beds of bloom and banks of verdure.

The Pico Heights line cars carry the tourist directly to Country Club and golf grounds, operating from Temple block via Broadway, Tenth, Flower and Pico streets. Cars every five minutes.

Boyle Heights and Seventh street line cars cross the business center of the city, operating via First street, thence to Broadway, passing the City Hall and Public Library, and the temporary quarters of the Chamber of Commerce, and continuing to Seventh street and Westlake park. Or, boarding the car at First street and journeying eastward, past the Santa Fè and Salt Lake Railway stations, the tourist finds himself in Boyle Heights, with beautiful Hollenbeck park near by. Cars every five minutes.

Grand and Downey avenue line cars traverse the main streets of the city, from Jefferson street and Grand avenue, via Grand avenue, Seventh, Broadway, First, Spring, Main, San Fernando streets, Downey avenue and Pritchard street to Eastlake park, crossing the San Fernando street viaduct, a steel structure 1800 feet long. On Broadway these cars pass the City Hall and Public Library, and the Chamber of Commerce building; on North Main street, the Plaza church, the Plaza, "Sonoratown" and "Chinatown;" on San Fernando street the River station of the Southern Pacific Railway, and lastly, the Downey avenue stations of the Santa Fè and Salt Lake Railway Companies. Stopping at Eastlake park, the tourist finds this resort, with its winding walks, its lily-bordered lakelet, its beds of bloom and its rustic seats, placed in shady nooks, a very pleasant place in which to while away an hour. Cars every five minutes.

West Ninth street line cars run from Temple block, operating via Main, First, Spring and Ninth streets to Grand View avenue. Cars every five minutes.

Washington street line cars leave the Santa Fè depot at intervals of six minutes, running on Second street to Spring, thence, via Fifth, Olive, Sixth, Figueroa and Washington streets to Rosedale cemetery. Central park, a square bounded by Fifth, Olive, Sixth and Hill streets, is on the line. The tourist delights in this retreat, finding here comfortable seats placed in the shade of wide-spreading trees, with naught but the signs "Do not pick the flowers" to mar the prospect. Cars every six minutes.

Eastlake park line cars run from Temple block, via Main street, to Eastlake park, passing through the manufacturing quarter of the city. Cars at intervals of twelve minutes.

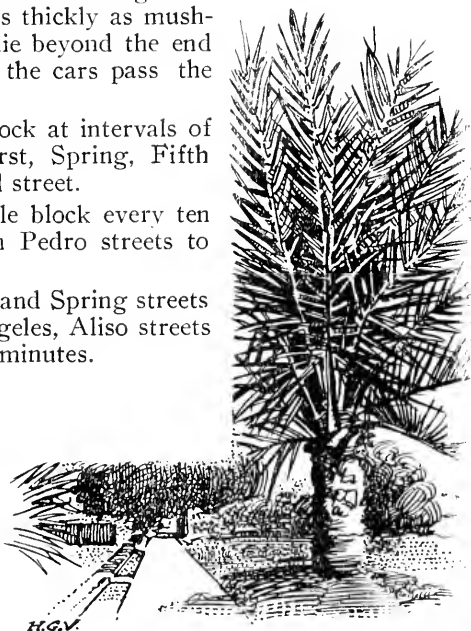
Main street line cars operate from Temple block, via Main and Jefferson streets to Agricultural park, passing the Cathedral of St. Vibiana, on Main street near Second, and the Chutes, corner of Main and Washington streets, a family resort open day and evening. Cars every five minutes.

Vernon line cars leave Second and Spring streets for Vernon every eight minutes. These cars carry the tourist, via Second street and Central avenue, through that part of the city which was, but a few years since, planted to orange groves and vineyards. Streets are now cut through the broad acres, and houses have spring up as thickly as mushrooms. The Chinese vegetable gardens lie beyond the end of the line. At the foot of Fifth street, the cars pass the Southern Pacific station (Arcade).

Maple avenue line cars pass Temple block at intervals of twelve minutes, operating via Main, First, Spring, Fifth streets and Maple avenue to Thirty-second street.

San Pedro street line cars leave Temple block every ten minutes, traversing Main, Fifth and San Pedro streets to Thirtieth street.

Aliso street line cars operate from First and Spring streets to Evergreen cemetery, via First, Los Angeles, Aliso streets and Brooklyn avenue. Cars every fifteen minutes.



East Ninth street cars leave First and Spring streets at intervals of twelve minutes, running on First, Santa Fè avenue, Mateo and East Ninth streets to Main, and passing the Santa Fè station (La Grande).

Southern Pacific depot line cars connect with all trains at Arcade station, and run from that station to First street, Salt Lake station via Fifth, San Pedro, Spring and First streets. Cars every six minutes.

Santa Fè depot line cars connect with all Santa Fè Railway trains at La Grande station, and operates from the depot via Second street to Spring. Cars every six minutes.

Transfers issued to all connecting lines.

The Los Angeles and Pasadena Electric Railway line runs cars every fifteen minutes from Fourth street, between Spring and Broadway. For twenty-five cents, which is round-trip fare, the tourist may visit Pasadena, the "Crown of the Valley," passing the Ostrich Farm en route. At Pasadena connections are made with the Altadena line cars, which whisk the traveler through fields of golden poppies, to the very foot of the Mount Lowe Incline Railway.

The Santa Monica Scenic Electric line cars leave Fourth street station, between Broadway and Hill streets, via Hill and Sixteenth streets, for Santa Monica and Ocean park every half hour, and in an hour's time the tourist is sniffing the salt ocean breeze with keen delight. A stop may be made, en route, at Sawtelle, near which is the Pacific Branch National Soldiers' Home—an interesting place to visit. Or, if the Foothill Route is chosen, the cars leaving the same station hourly, the traveler reaches Santa Monica by way of Bellevue avenue and beautiful Hollywood. Round-trip fare, fifty cents.

There is an observation car, placarded "Seeing Los Angeles," which for fifty cents, carries the tourist over the principal routes of the city car lines. Office on Fourth street, between Spring and Broadway.

The Children's Paradise.



H.G.V.

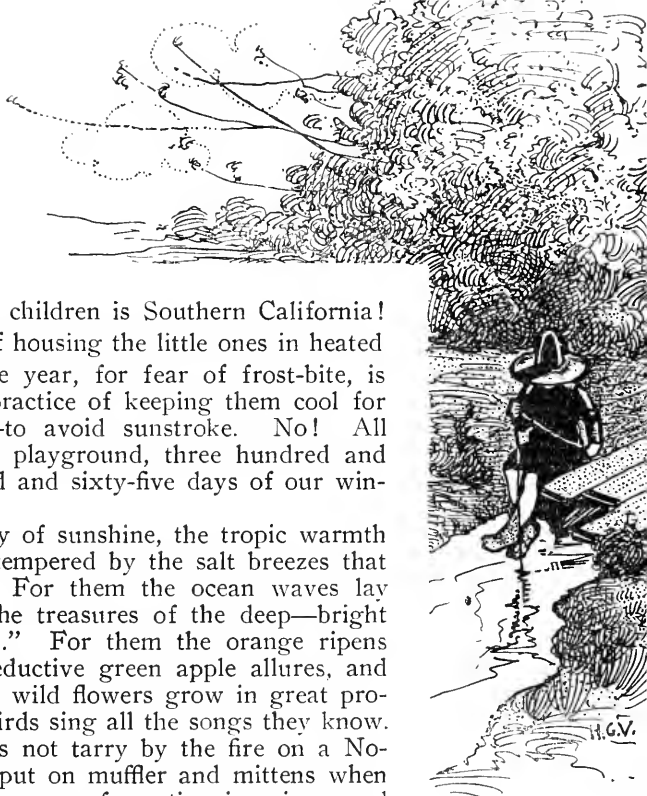
WHAT a paradise for children is Southern California! Here the practice of housing the little ones in heated rooms nine months in the year, for fear of frost-bite, is unknown, as is also the practice of keeping them cool for the other three months—to avoid sunstroke. No! All outdoors is the children's playground, three hundred and sixty out of three hundred and sixty-five days of our winterless year.

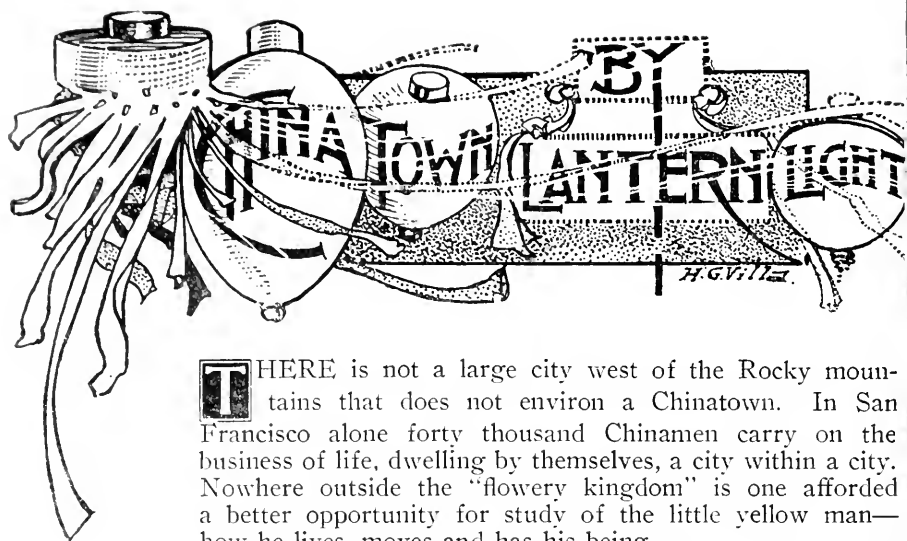
For them there is plenty of sunshine, the tropic warmth of which, in summer, is tempered by the salt breezes that blow up from the sea. For them the ocean waves lay upon the shining sands the treasures of the deep—bright shells and pretty “mosses.” For them the orange ripens on the bough, and the seductive green apple allures, and harms not. For them the wild flowers grow in great profusion, and the mocking birds sing all the songs they know.

The California boy does not tarry by the fire on a November day, nor does he put on muffler and mittens when he goes a-coasting. His manner of coasting is unique, and causes his Eastern cousin to wonder thereat. Young California selects a steep hillside, where the dry mustard stalks and other growth of the previous summer have been trampled flat, and on the most primitive of toboggans he skims down the incline as swiftly as a bird on the wing.

In this land of sunshine, Mother Nature dowers the children of men with that best of heritage, good health. It is not an exaggeration to say that the child who is so fortunate as to be born in California is practically immune from those disorders of childhood that, in the East, carry off hundreds of innocents every season.

In this favored clime the “barefoot boy” is in evidence from June until June; and yet the bottle of cough syrup stands on the top shelf in the pantry, in company with the bottle of cholera mixture, and both are dust-powdered. Even little Ah Sid of the Chinese quarter has a peachy bloom upon his satin-smooth cheeks; and one rarely sees, among the street gamins, a face that is not—save for dirt—kissable.





THERE is not a large city west of the Rocky mountains that does not environ a Chinatown. In San Francisco alone forty thousand Chinamen carry on the business of life, dwelling by themselves, a city within a city. Nowhere outside the "flowery kingdom" is one afforded a better opportunity for study of the little yellow man—how he lives, moves and has his being.

The Chinese settlement of Los Angeles ranks next in importance to that of San Francisco. Many of the former homes of Spanish aristocracy, low-eaved adobes with narrow, barred windows and deep, pillared porches, have been given over to an alien race. In the salas, where the Picos, the Carillos, the Sepulvedas and other grandes once made merry, Hop Sing, the "washee" man, does up the Angeleño's linen, or Wing Lee, the highbinder, plots the downfall of some rival "tong." Over the Plaza, the center of the old-time pueblo, the flag of the dragon floats, where once waved the proud and imperial banner of Spain.

To the stranger within these gates, such quaint bits of Oriental life are very interesting. The visitor spends delightful hours prowling up and down the narrow, crooked streets of the Chinese quarter, feeling himself a foreigner in his own land as he rubs elbows with wild-eyed hatchet men, spectacled priests, painted odalisques, dirty coolies, and the Chinese muck-a-muck whose gorgeous raiments proclaim the man of high estate. He loiters by a balconied tenement, the interior of which is screened from view by flowering shrubs growing in huge jars, listening to the plunk-plunk of some stringed instrument, and catching a glimpse, now and then, of a piquant face through shuttered windows. He wanders into a high-class restaurant, resplendent with gilt lacquer-work, glittering with mirrors, and fragrant with the perfume of sacred lilies, flowering in shallow bowls, and he partakes of strange dishes served

upon a wonderful table of teakwood, which is only to be matched in beauty by the equally wonderful chairs of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl in fanciful designs. He invades the joss house, or place of worship, in which are shrined grotesque deities on altars richly carved, and also the Chinese theater, where he makes the acquaintance of the Thespians of the Chinese stage. Finally, he bargains for ivory carvings, squat teapots and embroidered crepe stuffs over the counter of the sleek merchant with a button on his cap.

"John" plies many trades down here in "Little China." He makes "heap fine" cigars from the leaf of the cabbage; he manufactures the shoes which render the comings and goings of the Chinese as noiseless as the tread of a cat; he barbers the dandy in the sky-blue silk blouse, and he empties the purse of this same dandy in a game of fan-tan.

"The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker"—all may be found in the dark, stuffy, two-by-four apartments behind the gay, paper lanterns that, with the coming of evening, transform the dingy quarter into fairyland.

The Chinese submit patiently to the intrusion of the "Melican man," on sight-seeing bent, who pokes his intrusive nose into every nook and corner of "John's" habitation. But he takes his revenge, does "John." Seek to acquire information from that picturesque personage, silk bloused and bell hatted, who has been observing your progress up the street from the tail of his oblique eye. The sphinx that watches over the Egyptian desert, guarding the secrets of centuries, is not more dumb than is he.

The Chinese have a way of celebrating the New Year a month later than do other people. When the flag of the dragon flies above the Chinese consulate and the headquarters of the Six Companies, when Mrs. "John" and all the Misses "John" go abroad in their many-colored best clothes, with coiffures newly arranged and bristling with jeweled pins, and when "John," the vegetable man, leaves a China lily with the daily purchase of garden stuff, we may know that the sacred flower is blooming on every altar in Chinatown.

伍 盤 照

It is at this time that the inhabitants of "Little China" go about shaking hands with themselves, in their strange, Oriental fashion; and each in passing wishes the other "Kung hay fat tchoy," or great prosperity.

The Chinese have a custom which the Americans would do well to imitate. They invariably pay their debts on the last day of the old year, and start out the new year with a clean record. Beautiful red cards, scrawled all over with hieroglyphics in very black ink, are posted above door and window, so that all who pass may know that Hop Sing, the barber, or Wing Lee, the merchant, has settled his accounts.

Having done his duty by his fellow man, the follower of Confucius gets himself up in a pea green silk blouse and yellow trousers, or vice versa, and repairs to the joss house to purge himself of twelve months' accumulation of sin. There on a carven altar, richly gilded, sits the Joss, or judge, before him an immense brass urn from which rise spirals of blue smoke. Great bowls of China lilies, the blooming of which, at the auspicious moment, ensures peace and prosperity for the coming year, flank the urn, their cloying sweetness mingling with the odor of burning punk.

The tourist who is in California at this season should see the Chinese quarter by lantern light. In early evening, with the dirt and dinginess hidden by friendly shadows, Chinatown, outwardly, is at its best. In the gathering dusk the lanterns that hang above the doorways glow like great jewels. Under their soft light the strangely garmented people, shuffling noiselessly to and fro in their odd, thick-soled footgear, seem like figures in a pantomime—or a hasheesh dream.

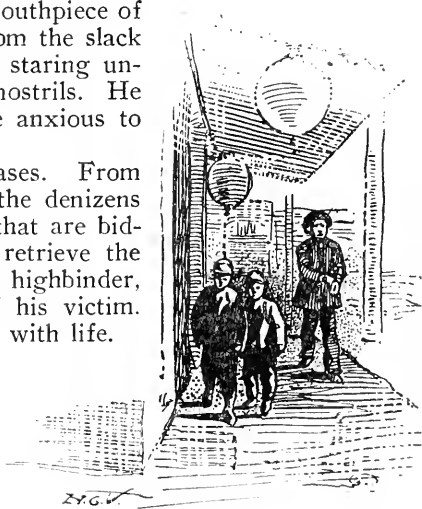
The plump brown children of the tradesmen have not yet been tucked in their little beds, and are playing contentedly in the gutter or swarming about the doorways. Their wadded blouses, of a bright green, yellow, blue or purple, and their wide, silken trousers are reproductions in miniature of their parents' attire. They look for all the world as if they had just stepped off a fan or a tea chest.

Earlier in the day, the tourist with a propensity for kooking the things quaint or curious which he encounters upon his travels might have sought in vain for such a picture as this. "John" is very proud of his bric-a-brac babies, but no amount of blandishments will induce him to allow the "Melican man" to take the family group with a camera. Nothing will alter his profound conviction that the Evil Eye lurks somewhere in that mysterious instrument, and if one is but pointed in their direction, presto! every slant-eyed cherub disappears.

Here is a gambling den. The game of fan-tan is the favorite sport of the Chinese. They build strongholds with iron-barred doors, approached by secret passages, the entrance to which may be found in the fish market, the apothecary shop, or any other unlikely place. Thus they may indulge in the forbidden sport, undisturbed by forebodings of unexpected visits from the police.

Perchance the tourist comes upon a door that has been carelessly left ajar, and pushing it open he sees Chinamen stretched at full length upon dirty bunks, the mouthpiece of an opium pipe between the lips or dropping from the slack hand. Eyes that are as the eyes of the dead, staring unwinkingly, are upon him; foul odors assail his nostrils. He gropes his way back to the street, in no wise anxious to continue explorations.

As the hour grows later, the crowd increases. From alleys and byways, from nooks and crannies, the denizens emerge, each dressed in his best—the guests that are bidden to the feast, the gambler, who hopes to retrieve the losses of last night by the winnings of this, the highbinder, who awaits in yonder passage the coming of his victim. Marchessault street and its arteries are pulsing with life.



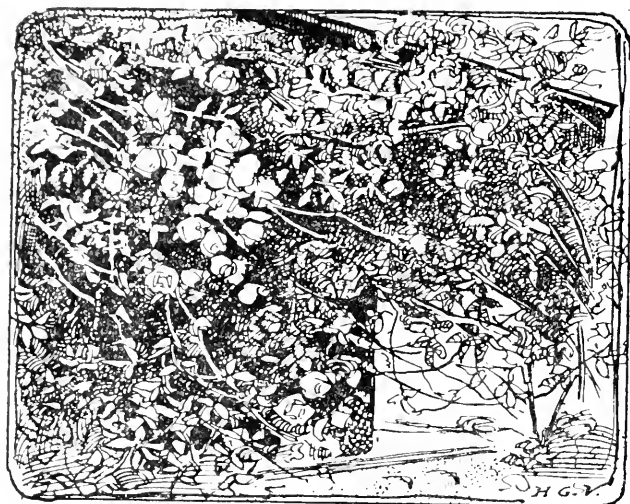
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現奉巡捕頭吩咐是年除夕及元旦佳
節數日均不准華人施放爆竹如有違
例不拘施放多少定必嚴拿決不寬貸
故特趕急遍告同人雖一個炮文亦不
可燒免至新正被拿切切此布

光緒廿二年十式月廿九日 中華會館謹啟

Proclamation posted on the walls of Chinatown during Chinese New Year, warning Chinamen to abstain from the firing of crackers under the penalty of the American law and signed by the Chinese Consul.

Pasadena, A City of Homes.





MAN wants but little here below"—and less in Pasadena. A hammock swung under a green roof of leaves, a palm-leaf fan and a clear conscience, and

"The new comer
In deathless summer
Dreams away troubles."

The Pasadena architect plans wisely; he knows the value of air and sunshine, and the residences are built accordingly. Broad verandas are a feature of the up-to-date house, and in the blossoming vines that curtain them, birds twitter and sing all day long. What possibilities of healthful out-of-door life are suggested in these airy, sunshine-filled spaces, where swaying hammocks and graceful willow chairs invite repose! Gypsy tables are here, too, strewn with the latest periodicals and heaped with delicious fruits, or laid, ready for the impromptu tea.

The well-kept lawn is dotted all over its velvety expanse with brilliant beds of rare flowers, while stately palms and fern-like peppers cast tremulous shadows upon the smooth turf. Fragrant oleanders, aglow with bloom, masses of heliotrope, flinging a purple spray to the very eaves, and waxen-cupped magnolias blend a potpourri of scents. And the roses!—they are everywhere, and beautiful beyond description.

Every year, on New Year's day, Pasadena holds a Tournament of Roses—a fete which attracts hundreds of visitors.

On the eve of the eventful day the city dons holiday garb. Everywhere the blue and gold of California may be seen—along the line of march, on the facades of business blocks and private dwellings, and even on the hat of the driver of the hotel 'bus.

The last pennant is flung to the breeze, the last garland is twined, and all the world and his wife are bidden to the festival.

"A bugle call, heard above the jangle of street car bells and the clatter of passing vehicles, announces the herald's coming. A striking figure is the herald, in gold-laced cloak and hat, mounted on a spirited steed caparisoned with violets.

After him come the Woodmen in a bower of green, the Americus Club appareled in white and yellow, with huge yellow chrysanthemums in their buttonholes, a Japanese float, the Colonial coach of George Washington, a float symbolic of early days, with its red-shirted gold-diggers and its monk in the brown habit of the Franciscans, a pampas plume float, and many more.

A page from the Orient is the Japanese float, covered from canopy to running-gear with bright-hued chrysanthemums, and swarming with Yum Yums and Pitti Sings.

The stately coach of George Washington, filled with passengers, costumed quaintly, is covered with roses—and such roses! Great bunches of velvety bloom, with glowing golden hearts. The postillions wear powdered wigs, and are habited in Colonial livery.

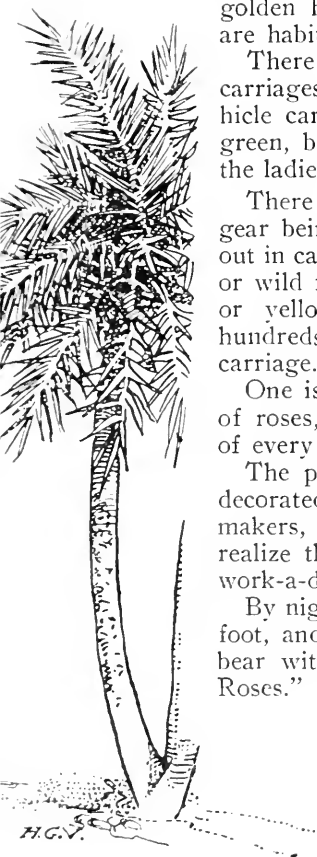
There are private turn-outs galore—blossom-bedecked carriages, four-in-hands, tallyhos and dog-carts. Each vehicle carries out its own color scheme—pink, yellow, red, green, blue, white or violet, respectively—in the toilets of the ladies, in the liveries and in the decorations.

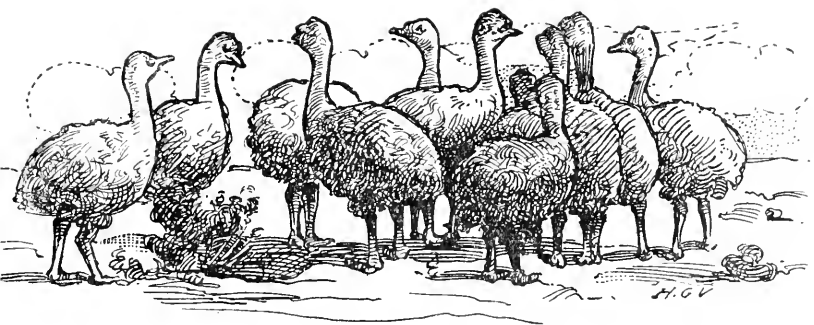
There are vehicles covered with smilax, even the running-gear being hidden by the dainty vine; others that blossom out in callas, poinsettias, marigolds, geraniums, roses, violets or wild flowers, as fancy dictates. Many choose the white or yellow marguerite for their flower; others employ hundreds of fragrant carnations in the decoration of a single carriage.

One is tempted to ask: "Why is it called a tournament of roses, when the gardens and uplands have contributed of every flower that blooms to make a California holiday?"

The procession comes to an end with a long string of decorated bicycles and pony carts. At length the merry-makers, one by one, drop from the line, and the spectators realize that they must leave fairyland and go back to the work-a-day world.

By nightfall the crushed and dying flowers, strewn underfoot, and the pennants, flapping idly in the soft air, alone bear witness that here has been held a Tournament of Roses."





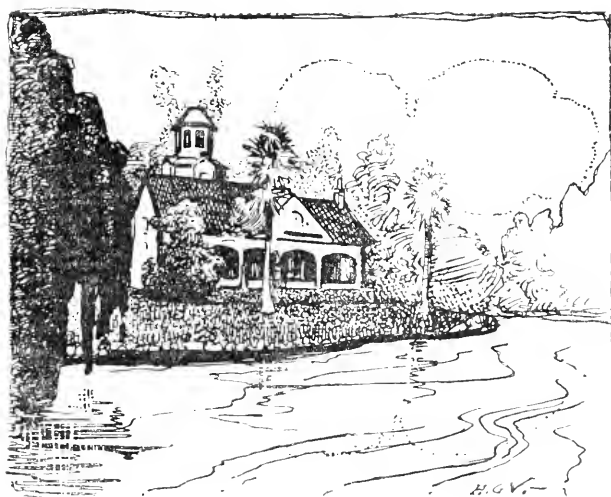
At the Ostrich Farm.

WHEN the tourist has learned for himself a few facts concerning our sub-tropical winters and sub-Arctic summers, when he has seen wheat fields skirted by vineyards and orange groves, and vice versa, when he beholds the lotus of the Nile flourishing in the lakelets of our parks, seeming not to know the difference between these skies and the sky that broods over Egypt, when he samples apples, pears, peaches, plums, figs, oranges, lemons, almonds, apricots, guavas, loquats and persimmons from the same orchard, when he journeys down Santa Barbara-way and comes upon a field of pampas—the same pampas that, according to his school geography, is a product of the South American llanos, he will accept without question the statement that ostriches, as well as potatoes, are “farmed” in Southern California.

If any one wishes to see this demonstrated, he has only to visit the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm, where he will find that picturesque fowl in a great many sizes, from the mature feather-producer to the last pin-feathered arrival.

The man in charge will tell you that the weight of a full-grown ostrich is two hundred and fifty pounds, that it stands seven feet high and yields three crops of feathers a year, that the birds are fed on alfalfa, sugar beets and corn, that the female will scoop a hole in the sand in some retired corner, and will then lay an egg every other day until twelve or fourteen have been laid, when she will begin setting, the male bird relieving her from four o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock in the morning, with great regularity, that the chicks emerge from the eggs in about forty days, and begin to hustle for themselves when they are three days old—all this and much more he will tell you, without ever stopping to take breath.

If you express surprise at finding the raw feathers somewhat different from those which your wife wears on her bonnet, he will tell you that they will look better when they have been washed, and starched, and beaten, and dyed, and steamed and curled; and, very likely, he will offer to sell your wife a pair of chicks, so that she may take them home and raise her own bonnet trimmings.



By Tallyho to Baldwin's and San Gabriel.

GIVEN a California morning, early summer preferred, with the sun smiling in a sky so dazzlingly blue that it might have been freshly washed, with a salt breeze blowing up from the sea and the country before, where to choose, given all these things, and in addition, a well-filled lunch basket stowed securely under the front seat of the tallyho, and what more could mortal desire?

Whither is the tourist bound, this radiantly beautiful morning? To Baldwin's ranch, known wherever the name California is known; and returning by the way of San Gabriel, a stop will be made at the old mission.

With a clatter of hoofs and a shrill braying of horns, the tallyho zig-zags through the streets of "Sonoratown," and presently emerges on the highroad that leads Pasadena-ward.

The man who said he "didn't like the mountains because they hid the scenery" is not of this party, evidently, judging by the expressions called forth by the sight of the Sierra Madre range that looms like a mighty citadel far ahead. The Young Person thinks the mountains "perfectly sweet," her Big Brother votes them "immense," and the enthusiastic Globe Trotter proclaims them "out of sight."

The tallyho sweeps through Pasadena, past stately mansions set in acres of green lawn, past rose-covered cottages and handsome business blocks, lining broad, shaded streets, and takes the highway to Santa Anita.

After a time the Big Brother thinks of the lunch hamper under the front seat. He consults his watch, and finds that the timepiece announces the noon hour.

"I say," he calls to the driver, "how long before we reach Baldwin's ranch?"

"We have been on Baldwin's ranch for twenty minutes or more," the driver makes reply.

A big ranch of 47,000 acres is not to be traversed in a hurry. The tallyho whirls down a long avenue of eucalypti, there is apparently no end to it, on and on, past groves of



orange trees starred with blossoms that gleam waxen-white above the golden fruit still ungathered, past olive orchards and vineyards until the home grounds of Santa Anita are reached. Here are winding paths, threading mazes of shrubbery, that seem made for loitering lovers; rustic houses embowered in vines and almost hidden from view by broad-leaved tropical plants, and flowers everywhere. The graveled walks are bordered with purple violets, and the waters of the pretty lakelet reflect snowy banks of calla lilies. Red geraniums burn like clear flames in the shrubberies, and roses mingle their sweetness with the scent of orange blossoms.

Beyond the home grounds are the stables, and here one of the most interesting features of the ranch, Lucky Baldwin's "string" of race horses, is to be seen. Row after row of stables, divided into commodious box stalls, are ranged along the race track, where the young horses are broken to the serious work preceding the purse-winning on Eastern tracks.

The upper half of each door, leading to the stalls, is open to admit light and air; and as the sight-seers pass along, velvety noses are thrust out, and wistful eyes beg for just a taste of the juicy grass, growing beside the fence.

In an adjoining pasture there are always a number of colts—rough-coated little fellows, without a trace of pedigree about them, so far as is apparent to the uninitiated eye of the tourist. But that is where the uninitiated eye is at fault, for every one of these little creatures is a thoroughbred.

Luncheon dispatched, the driver calls "All aboard for San Gabriel."

That small settlement seems to have been left to itself for ages, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." There are a half-dozen time-stained adobe houses clustered about the mission church; and as the tallyho makes its way through the narrow, crooked street of the little pueblo, under

the low-hanging boughs of the plummy pepper trees, heads appear at windows and doorways.

The Mission San Gabriel was founded in 1771, and is one of the chain of twenty-one missions extending from San Diego to San Francisco.

The sight-seer comes rather unexpectedly upon the mission building, half-hidden as it is behind pepper trees. The walls and the arches of the quadrangle are entirely gone. Of the cloisters, where the holy men did penance for faults avowed, there is not a trace, nor of the garden where the fountain sang and flowers bloomed.

At the right of the great iron-clamped door, and outside, is a flight of steep stone stairs that leads to a railed balcony above. It is said that this balcony was built to overlook the bull-ring, for bull fights were a feature of the pueblo when it was the headquarters of the Spanish Governors of California. Be that as it may, for some reason it evidently was a place much frequented; the steps are hollowed by the tread of many feet that have passed up and down the steep stairway, and there are none to answer the question that arises to the lips of the tourist: "Why was the balcony built?"

Centenarian orange trees and the mother vine (*vina madre*), planted at San Gabriel by hands folded in rest these many years, still bear fruit. And who shall say that the spiritual labors of the padres have not brought forth fruit, as well? When the Angelus sounds from the tower, the people whose fathers and whose fathers' fathers gathered here to worship, leave the task unfinished, the salutation half spoken, the bread unbroken to bow at the altar of San Gabriel.



Vespers at San Gabriel.

Narrow windows pierce the walls,
In the nave no sunlight falls—
Shadows mock the tapers pale;
Ah, but love is quick to see—
Shadows may not hide from me
Pancha, at the altar rail.

Pancha, with an air demure,
Tells her beads; those lips would lure
Gabriel himself from rest.
Veiled her eyes, but well she knows
I have found the crimson rose,
Worn an hour upon her breast.

A Legend of San Gabriel.

WHERE the Mexican is, there also are traditions. It may interest the tourist to know that one of the bells swinging high in the massive tower of San Gabriel mission has a legend all its own.

In the days when the mission was young, two lovers in sunny Spain were parted by some cruel decree of fate. He, taking the vows of brotherhood, sailed over seas to New Spain, and later joined the little band of Franciscan monks at San Gabriel.

When, in the land of his birth, the bell was cast for the church of his adoption, his true love flung the betrothal ring into the mass of molten metal. And that, so say the Mexican crones, as they sit on their doorsteps in the twilight and talk over the days that were, is why one of the bells always rang clearer and sweeter than the others.

Poets have told the story in rhyme, and artists have transferred to canvas the quaint bell-tower of San Gabriel, with the matchless blue of the California sky for a background. But one need be neither artist nor poet to feel the charm of this lovely spot; and to see it is to tempt one to forswear the frivolities of the world, that one may dream on forever in the shadow of San Gabriel's moss-grown walls.

A Summer Isle.



STRANGERS to our fair land, who have never sampled our wonderful climate, will scarcely credit the statement that, in one of the coast islands but thirty miles distant from the mainland, the climatic conditions are such that summer, stormless, perfect, reigns eternal.

When the tourist becomes blasé and indifferent to strawberries and green peas in January, when the view of snow-crowned heights as seen through the screen of roses, "all a-growing and a-blowing" over his window, has lost its novelty, there is Santa Catalina, the Summer Isle. He will find that "summer isle" is no misnomer for the oasis of green, set in the blue Pacific.

On a clear day, the island can be seen from the mainland. It has the appearance of being a spur of the Sierra Madre, or "Mother Mountain," separated from the longer range in some throes of nature. The trend of the shore range and the island range is the same.

Catalina is not a large island, but it is greatly diversified. To begin with, and as before stated, it is virtually a mountain range, twenty-two miles long, and from two to eight miles in width. It is indented by bays and abounds in bold promontories. Inland, high up among the peaks, lie cup-shaped valleys, gemmed with flowers. The range is cleft with deep cañons, one of them—Middle Ranch cañon—extending from shore to shore, north and south. These are threaded by clear brooks, the waters of which nourish the vines and ferns that hide the rocky, precipitous walls of the barrancas as with a mantle of green. Here grows the clematis, its blossoming garlands hanging on willow and cottonwood; here the wild rose "blushes unseen," and many another flower beside. "It is a true land of sweet idleness, where all nature entertains."

The loftiest peak in the island is Mount Orizaba, 2000 feet high. The ascent can be made by burro-back, and fully repays one for the energy expended in thwacking the burro. The view from this height is unsurpassed. Landward, Mounts San Antonio and San Jacinto cleave the blue; seaward, the black plume from the funnel of a steamer outward bound, meets the eye, and nearer are the white sails

of innumerable fishing snacks. Below lie the shadowy cañons, the plateaus and the valleys of the islet.

Standing thus on the summit of the mountain, it is as if one were in a world apart, a peaceful, idyllic world, where even the nearness of the lunch hour and one's remoteness from the Avalon table d'hôte are matters of secondary importance. Now and again a gull flies up from the rocks and circles overhead. Were it not for the booming of the waves upon the shore, or the occasional bark of a seal there would be no sound to break the stillness.

Catalina is the sportsman's paradise. Here the wild mountain goat is to be found, feeding in the upper valleys; and in the waters round about the island the noblest fish that was ever lured to the hook of fisherman may be caught before breakfast any fine morning.

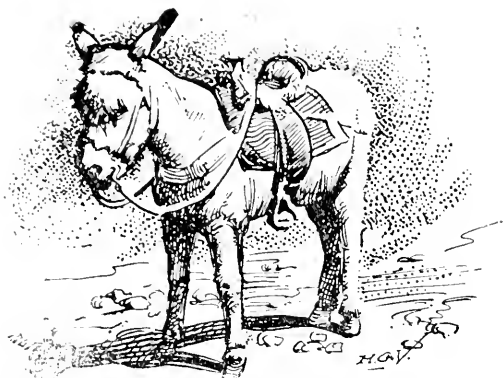
To say the fame of Catalina's fishing grounds is world wide, is no exaggeration. This is the home of the mighty jewfish, a monster resembling the black bass.

"I caught my first jewfish with 'Mexican Joe,' the genial Catalinan of thirty years standing," says Professor Holder. "He took me out by Piedracitas beach and told stories of the old days, while I waited for a bite; and when it came, well—it was I, not the jewfish, who was caught. How he pulled the boat about, attempting to fill it with his mighty tail, wrenched our arms and made music with the big rushing line, are memories which anyone can revive at Catalina; but whether our catch of 34.2 pounds for a single fish can be beaten remains to be seen."

In the months of July and August the waters are alive with sea bass, rock bass, yellowtail, barracuda, tuna and mackerel.

At all times a voyage in a glass-bottomed boat will afford the visitor much enjoyment. Looking down, down, fifty feet or more, one can almost count the pebbles on the sandy floor of Avalon bay, so clear is the water. Further out are great forests of kelp, among the branches of which pretty gold and silver fish disport.

With each incoming tide a treasure-trove is deposited upon the sands—a tangle of kelp, in the rope-like coils of which,



perchance, a fragile nautilus shell has come safely to shore; and turning the wet mass over, bits of algae are brought to light.

Algae is a scientific name for the beautiful flowers of the sea that the waves cull from the ocean meadows and bring to the shore, that we may see and wonder at the marvels of the deep. Tourists call them, variously, "sea mosses," and "sea weeds," whereat the naturalists raise their hands in holy horror. But the tourist goes serenely on his way, gathering the pretty, many-tinted "weeds," which are afterward pressed in his guide-book—and from which no power on earth can remove them.

This is distinctly a grievance, and added to it is the disappointment that awaits the embryo collector when he finds that the curiously-formed, brilliantly-colored shells listed at the curio shops as "California shells" are not lying around on the beach, just waiting to be picked up.

He may rise at all sorts of ghostly hours and tramp the shore, hoping to get ahead of those who collect for "the trade;" but never by any chance does he find that for which he is seeking. There are shells, to be sure, but they are, with the exception of the abalone, pale, uninteresting things, not worth a moment's attention. One day he makes a discovery. These same pale, uninteresting shells are the real west coast shells, and the beautiful shells upon the shelves of the curio dealer have their habitat in the tropical waters off the coast of Lower California.

The flora of the island engages the attention of botanists; the geologist finds much to interest him; and the archeologists fairly tread on each others heels in their eagerness to discover what manner of men lived, moved and had their being within this small territory, in days gone by.

Oftentime the diligent explorer is rewarded by finding stone mortars, pestles and arrowheads; while bits of wampum, shell ornaments and even the bones and skulls of de-

parted warriors have been unearthed at the Indian burying-ground at the Isthmus—a narrow neck of land connecting the main body of the island with the smaller portion.

There are two ways of getting to the Isthmus—by water, following the coast, or by stage, over a road that alternately scales the crest of the Santa Catalina mountains and dips into verdant valleys. Arrived at his journey's end, the traveler finds a flourishing town clustered about the big building which was once government barracks; and there he may tarry, making the return trip on some convenient tomorrow.

When Cabrillo's caravel prowled along the coast, three centuries and more ago, the explorer found Santa Catalina inhabited by a thriving race of natives, who swarmed upon the shores of the island, and gazed, half in wonder, half in fear, at the strange, white-winged "birds" that had come from over the water.

Today the scene is changed. Where the primitive dwellings of the aborigines once clustered, the pretty cottages of the summer "resorters" dot the hillsides. The Indian's canoe, in arrow flight through the blue waters, has been superseded by the steam launch; and were Cabrillo to return today, he would be greeted by a crowd of summer girls arrayed in a manner calculated to dazzle the eyes and bewitch the senses of that redoubtable sailorman.

For Catalina—more's the pity!—has become a fashionable resort. Time was when the town-wearied pilgrim could pitch his tent on the beach, or in the depths of some cañon, and thirty miles from a lookingglass, could commune with nature undisturbed by the shabbiness of a last year's straw hat, or the out-at-elbows condition of a favorite coat. But, like the aborigine, he has been driven away; or, if one bolder than the rest stays to face the battery of bright eyes, he straightway sends to Los Angeles for his "clawhammer," and joins the giddy whirl.

A Fish Story.

I caught a jewfish five feet long,
Out by the wharf today;
I caught a jewfish five feet long—
But the biggest one got away.



Sierra Madre.

Enrobed in kingly purple thou dost stand
A snow-crowned Monarch,—at thy feet the land
Stretches afar to meet the slumberous sea;
About thy whitened summits, flying free,
Are clouds that 'gainst the blue of heaven displayed,
Like pennants float. The mist-enwreathed cascade
Leaps from thy heights its pure drops scattering wide,
And falling, mingles with the streams that glide
Through fruited groves and vineyards, far below;
No whiter is thine own, eternal snow
Than the sweet, drifted orange-bloom that gleams
Upon the trees, fed by those mountain streams.
That granite breast of thine withstands the shocks
Of earthquakes, yet among thy pilèd rocks
Are tender flowers, that lend a blooming grace
To the stern grandeur of thy rugged face.

A Trolley Trip to Cloudland

CALIFORNIA is a country of limitless possibilities. The tourist should bear this in mind when he is told that, traveling, by trolley, one passes from the rose gardens, orange groves and palm-shaded drives of Pasadena to snow-shrouded heights in just forty minutes.

The hitherto unheard-of idea of scaling the precipitous side of a mountain by trolley was first conceived in the master mind of Professor T. S. C. Lowe; and the Incline Railway to Mount Lowe is the result.

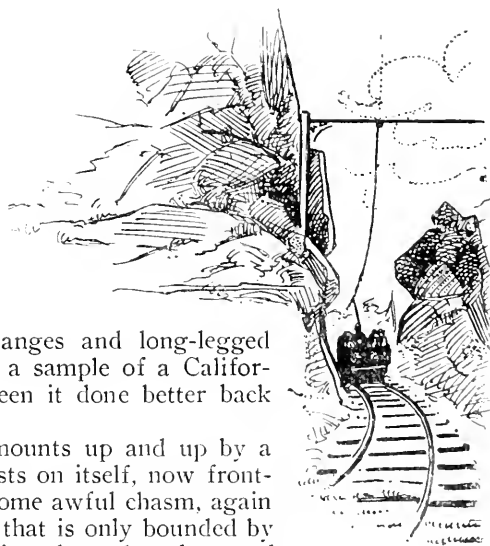
This unique journey to Cloudland—a journey that is not a balloon ascension, but something akin to it—begins at Rubio cañon. As the traveler stands on the platform in front of Rubio pavilion, watching the descent of the white chariot that is to bear him skyward, he is liable to be seized with apprehensions lest the car leave the perpendicular track and fly off into space. But the conductor assures the passengers that there is no possibility of accident—that the endless cable of the finest steel is tested to stand a strain of one hundred tons, and that it is no trick at all to keep a five-ton car on the track. After which the traveler breathes freely, and enjoys the view.

The valley unrolls like a map as the car scales the lesser heights. Then Granite gorge, with its perpendicular walls, shuts out the grand panorama of hills, valley and ocean.

At Echo mountain the traveler changes cars. Among the many notable things to be seen upon this mountain top are the fine observatory, erected by private means, and the searchlight, the largest in the world, which was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in 1893.

From the veranda of the chalet one has a view that cannot be surpassed in beauty—mountains to the right, mountains to the left, and far below, Pasadena, bowered in tropical bloom, and Los Angeles, "the City of the Angels." Beyond, there is the shimmering sea, with the peaks of islands strung like emeralds upon the horizon.

If the sun and the warm south wind combine to work magic, the snow rapidly disappears, and only in shaded spots will there be a trace of the storm of yesterday remaining. Thus a tourist was heard to remark: "California



may be able to raise corpulent oranges and long-legged ostriches by the acre, but if this is a sample of a California snow storm, I must say I've seen it done better back East."

On the Alpine division the car mounts up and up by a tortuous track that doubles and twists on itself, now fronting a purple peak, towering across some awful chasm, again looking out upon a panoramic view that is only bounded by the horizon; at one moment stretching through a forest of pine, at another following the trend of a cañon along a shelf so narrow that one involuntarily leans landward in rounding a curve; until, 5000 feet above sea level, the end of the journey is reached, and Ye Alpine Tavern swings wide its hospitable door.

Few are the pilgrims to California who have not reveled in the cheerful warmth of the fire, burning in the huge fireplace in the hall of Alpine Tavern—as the hundreds of names upon the register attest. It is a favorite resort in winter, no less than in summer. If the branches that brush the window pane are snow-laden, well the traveler knows that Summer is not far away—that she sits in the valley, weaving green garlands through all the year.

Having taken a trolley trip to Cloudland, the traveler, if he wishes to experience a genuine thrill, will charter a burro and strike the "old trail" to Mount Wilson.

The first stage of the journey is by rail to Santa Anita, and thence, by bus, to the foot of the trail, where the burros are hired.

This little animal, somewhat larger than a sheep, is very sure-footed, and possesses remarkable "staying" qualities. He has his nerve with him all the time, and while crawling along the trail,—a mere shelf of rock, hemmed in by precipitous walls on one side, and sloping to the brink of a cañon a thousand feet in depth, on the other,—he will occasionally saunter to the outer edge of the path, reach over, and snatch a plummy tuft of fern that waves above the abyss.

The Photographer in California.

SURELY there never was a country so completely enslaving the affections at the outset as California. It is with the tourist a case of "love at first sight," and small wonder. Coming upon it after miles of travel over arid wastes, the vine-clad slopes, the wondrous groves and the tropical gardens are a revelation.

Or, if the tourist has elected to brave the discomforts of a possible "tie-up" in some forty-foot snow drift the other side of the Rockies, he passes from Winterland into Summerland in a state of amaze that such things can be. He wanders about the streets of Los Angeles for days afterward like a man under a spell, gazing at the snow-capped Sierras, against which tall palms are silhouetted; looking the astonishment he would not for worlds express at sight of a hedge of calla lilies, or a prize specimen of Washington Navel orange, and striving to appear as if strawberries in December were everyday fare, back where he came from.

Viewed from an artistic standpoint, California is the delight and the despair of the photographer. At every turn there are picturesque bits—here a tumble-down adobe hut, its broken walls mantled in blossoming vines that run riot in tropical luxuriance; there a broad stretch of beach, swept by foaming breakers that change from green to amber, from amber to snowy white; again, a shadow-haunted cañon, among whose piled rocks the echoes play at hide-and-seek.

Now and then you discover traces of early California days—a ruined mission, set amidst gnarled olive trees that were planted by the padres a hundred years ago.

Ah, California is indeed the despair of the photographer! The wave-washed beach, the sunny garden, the blossom-laden orange trees, the picturesque ruin may be shut into that little black box in an instant; but who can photograph the ever-changing tints of the wave, the musical plash of the waters in the fountain, the rare perfume of the orange blossoms, the flash of sunlight upon the tiled roof of the old mission?



Where the Poppy Blooms.

IT has been said that April is the Junetime of California. Later the summer sunshine parches the verdure, turning the green of the mesa to brown; but summer is yet afar, and there is nothing of the "sere and yellow" in the flower-spangled robe that April wears.

On the Atlantic coast the spring is ushered in with yellow—the gold of the dandelion, whose round, unwinking eye stares from every sunny bank. But the yellow of the dandelion pales beside the deep, orange-gold of the *Eschscholtzia*, California's own flower.

If the tourist would see where they grow, acres and acres of 'em, let him take the Pasadena car on Fourth street, between Spring and Broadway, and hie him Altadena-ward.

The city left behind, one journeys toward the foothills that roll in green billows to the mountains. All about is level country, dotted with white ranch houses that are half hidden from view by pink-flowered apricot trees and gray-green olive groves.

The sky has been lowering—the "rainy season" is not yet over; but as the mesa is gained, lo, a miracle is wrought! The sun flashes out from behind the clouds, burning in the blue like a great jewel. Where the vanguard of the poppies stand, brandishing wee, green spears, a million, uniformed in the sun's own bright livery, seem to spring from earth.

The tourist leaves the car and strikes off across the fields, routing meadow larks from their coverts and causing them to fly upward with tuneful cries. As the breeze, rippling over the mesa, bends and sways the flowers upon their pliant stalks, it seems as if one were wading in a shining flame-colored sea.

Long before *el Americano* came to the land "where it is always afternoon," the Mexican fancifully termed the yellow flower "cup of gold."

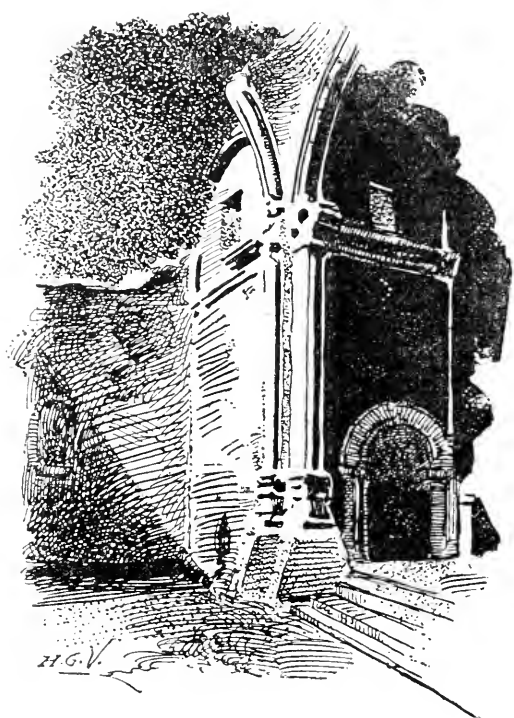
Ere the cultivation of lands rooted out the wild growths, the poppy spread a veritable Cloth of Gold over all the foothills and headlands of California. Mariners, at the close of a long ocean voyage, hailed the sight of those flower-decked slopes with joy. It was their "welcome home;" and sometimes, on a clear day, the bright beacon could be seen while yet the ship was far from shore.

The "cup of gold" was rediscovered by a man with an unpronounceable name, and was subsequently dubbed, "Eschscholtzia," in his honor; but to the Mexican it is still "Copa de Oro," and to the rest of us, "the California poppy."

When the day is dark, then these pretty sun-worshippers hide their faces; and every evening they roll their satin petals, one over the other, into a tight little roll, nor do they unclothe until His Majesty smiles down upon them.

In Poppy Time.

The sun has Midas-touched the earth. Behold !
The hills, but yesterday so brown and bare,
Transformed as if by magic. Everywhere
The land's ashine with red, red poppy-gold.



At Capistrano.

ALTHOUGH "Italy has its ruins, its Coliseum and its Forum, and Spain has its slumbering Alhambra whose fountains have long ceased to flow," we have San Juan Capistrano.

The tourist, if he so desires, may stop en route to San Diego and pay his respects to this century-old ruin; or he may take an early train from Los Angeles and run down to Capistrano, returning by a later train, with an hour or two to spare.

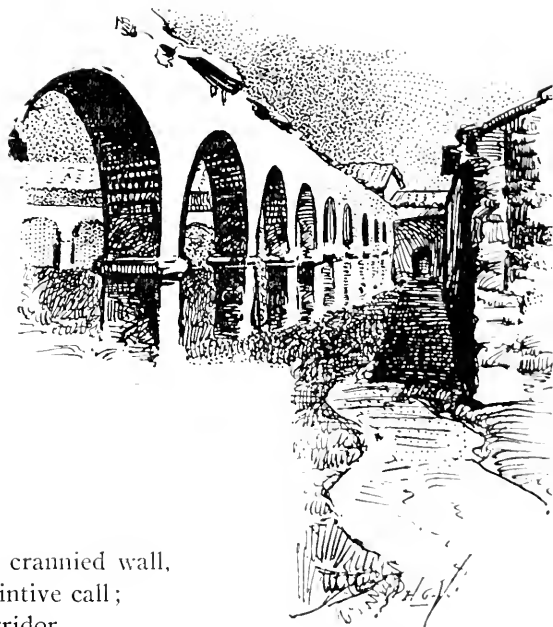
The huge outline, all that remains of the greater part of the mission, serves to show the scale upon which the splendid fane was planned. The nave of the church, built in the form of a cross, is roofless. The court is weed-grown, and the arches that supported the roof of the porch, extending around the four sides of the court, are broken in places, and in others gone entirely.

Capistrano was fifth in the list of missions founded. It was so damaged by the earthquake of 1812, which overthrew the walls of the chapel, killing many worshipers, that it was necessary to rebuild the edifice.

That the main walls should be standing today, after more than a hundred years of exposure to the wind and weather, proves that the founders builded well.

In a sheltered corner of the court stands a wooden bench; and sitting there, one can look down the narrow valley, across the sand dunes, to the sea. One could fancy it were "always afternoon" in this peaceful spot. Almost one believes that the flight of time is stayed, and then is heard the faint rumble of the approaching train, city bound.

The picture that memory conjures is full of charm; one has but close the eyes and ever after remember Capistrano asleep upon its brown knoll, the domeless tower and pillared arches etched against a sky "blue as the lid of Italy."



A monkish owl that haunts the crannied wall,
Disturbs the silence with its plaintive call;
Within the nave and dusty corridor,
Where tread of priestly feet is heard no more,
The black bats through the gathering shadows slip.
Like wind-blown vapor from a censer's lip,
Pale mists above the distant sand dunes rise,
Blotting the sunset crimson from the skies.



All Along Shore.

IT IS six o'clock of a May morning, but it might be December, for aught there is of light or brightness in the lowering sky. Perhaps there is blue behind the gray; somewhere, it may be, the birds are singing and flowers are blooming. But here there is only a strip of sodden beach, along which the waves leap and wrestle; a frowning cliff-line, like the grim battlements of a feudal castle, and a fog-curtain that shuts out the rest of the world.

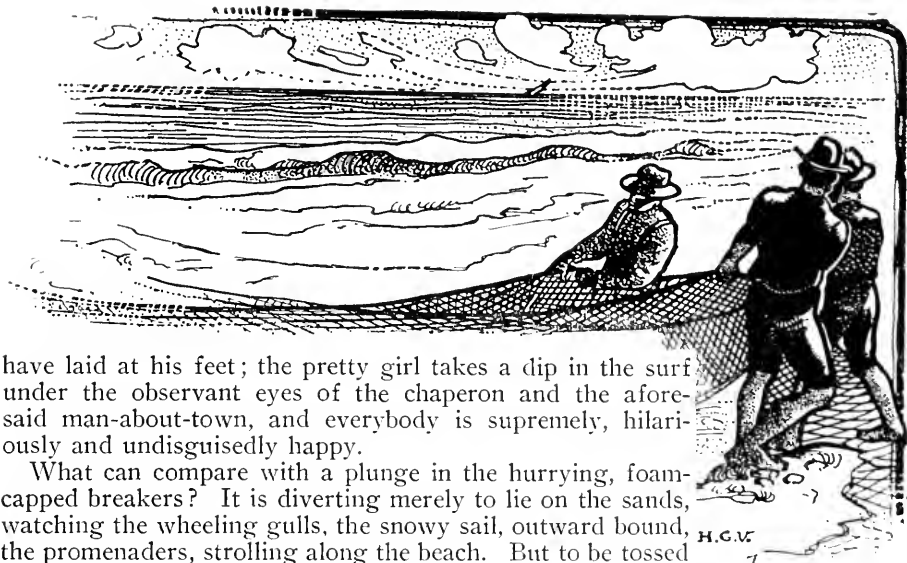
The sea gulls circle overhead, uttering mournful cries. The waves break upon the shore with a boom! boom! that is like the crash of artillery. Surely, the foot of man never tracked these solitudes. There has been nothing here since the beginning of time but the ocean, the sand dunes and the screaming gulls.

A dark figure advances out of the mist, and another and another—and still they come. Is this a solemn procession of disembodied spirits? No, it is a party of fishermen, dragging their nets over the wet sand.

There is a sudden lifting of the fog-curtain, and in shreds and patches it is borne away upon the breeze. Where now are the gray skies of an hour ago? Blue, dazzlingly blue, is the dome overhead; and bluer still the ocean waves that dip and courtesy to the white sails that are scudding before the wind.

Santa Monica is to Los Angeles what Coney island is to New York. The summer crowd that throngs the beach, basking on the white sands, sweethearting in the shade of sun umbrellas and frolicing in the breakers is cosmopolitan in every sense of the word. The electric cars, leaving Los Angeles half-hourly, bring their quota of visitors for the day or longer—the tourist, who, like the poor, we have always with us; the pale student, seeking the rest and recreation his tired brain and body demand; the sedate matron and her numerous progeny; the shop girl, who is enjoying her infrequent holiday to the uttermost; the pretty girl, bent on wholesale conquest, and the man-about-town who has followed her thither.

The babies roll in the sand; the student pokes enthusiastically among the masses of kelp that the in-rolling waves



have laid at his feet; the pretty girl takes a dip in the surf under the observant eyes of the chaperon and the afore-said man-about-town, and everybody is supremely, hilariously and undisguisedly happy.

What can compare with a plunge in the hurrying, foam-capped breakers? It is diverting merely to lie on the sands, watching the wheeling gulls, the snowy sail, outward bound, the promenaders, strolling along the beach. But to be tossed on the crest of the waves is something more—it is exhilarating; and when the novice learns to ride the big, green rollers, he feels that the world is his oyster.

It is a pleasant walk down the beach to Santa Monica cañon, where spreading oaks cast their shade upon the ground and a clear brook tinkles over the pebbles. This is a favorite spot for campers, and from April until November their white tents dot the slopes.

Arch rock, not far away, is a much-visited point. The great cliffs that form the shore-line are honeycombed by the action of the waves, and in little coves behind miniature reefs shells and algae may be found.

The town of Santa Monica crowns the cliff, high above the beach. The streets are lined with straggling, wind-blown eucalypti, and the summer cottages are set in a wilderness of odorous bloom.

It is difficult to imagine Santa Monica otherwise than as gay with "resorters." But there comes a time when the fog, rolling in from the sea, quenches the light of the sun for days together; when the wind shakes the eucalypti until they writhe, and the rains beat the fragrant blossoms low. Then the fickle summer visitors turn their backs on the resort, and Santa Monica sees them no more until another summer.

For those who find their pleasures along shore, there is winter bathing at Terminal island, or summer fishing at Santa Catalina; yachting at Brighton, or a "tent on the beach" at Long Beach. The last-named place is especially worth a visit in July and August, when the Chautauqua Assembly of Southern California is in session.

The scenery along the coast would inspire an artist to win fame and fortune. Over there in the blue distance the peaks of Catalina rise from the waters, and nearer, across the bend of the bay, looms the lighthouse of Point Firmin.

Redondo has not a few devotees, who claim that the beach has no rival. This is the place where all the stunning bathing suits do congregate. If a man wishes to preserve his heart intact, let him avoid Redondo. In the spacious ball-room of the vast hotel many a poor fellow has received his death wound, while the music played on and on, the lights shone on fair faces and brave attire, and dancing feet kept time to happy heart-beats.

Above all, should the masculine avoid a moonlight stroll on the beach! What is there that compares with a moonlight night at Redondo? The sunset fires leave a tender, lingering glow in the heavens, long after the stars are out; and as the moon, swimming in bluest ether, lights up the scene, the long lines of crawling foam, and even the sands of the seashore seem to turn to molten silver. Add to the glamour of the moonlight the witchery of a pair of eyes—and "that way madness lies."

Let not the tourist say that he has seen California until he has visited San Diego and Coronado. San Diego bay was the first port made by Cabrillo when he sailed up the coast in 1542. This bay, which is thirteen miles long, with six square miles of available anchorage, is second in importance to that of San Francisco.

On the heights above, sits the handsome little city of San Diego, with fifteen hotels, a fine theater, twenty-three churches and a city park reservation of 1400 acres.

San Diego is but a few miles distant from Old Mexico, and one of the most interesting trips which the tourist can take is a jaunt to Tia Juana, just over the border.

Apart from its other attractions, San Diego is a haven for invalids, who find in the balmy climate a cure for half the ills to which flesh is heir.

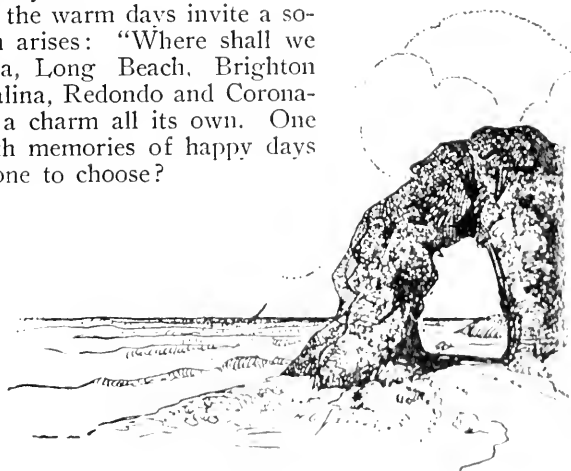
And there is Coronado. Such a beach!—a glistening stretch of sand, firm as asphalt beneath the feet. Wise indeed was the man who first saw the possibilities of the peninsula upon which the hotel is built. The broad, level beach,

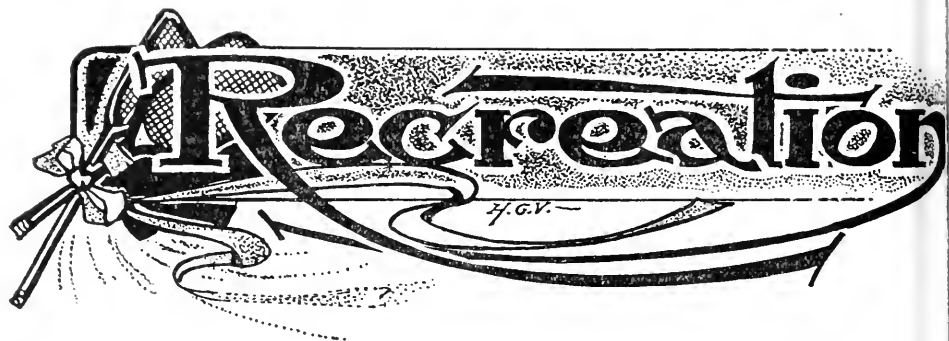
extending in a graceful curve as far as the eye can reach, is equally adapted to bathing or driving; the placid bay affords all the pleasures of boating without its dangers, and the peninsula itself, laid out in beautiful pleasure grounds, is as attractive as nature and expert landscape gardeners can make it.

Would you forget that you have a care? "Loose the flowing sail," and drift seaward with the tide. The bright-hued pennant on the mast flaps idly in the soft air; but as your boat clears the protecting point of land the full force of the ocean breeze is felt, and all the little wavelets put their white-caps on. For an instant the craft poises on the crest of a big wave, like a bird ready for flight; then it leaps to meet the next wave. Oh, it is glorious, the swift rush through the shining water!

There is only one drawback to Coronado. It is the favorite resort of the newly-wedded. They sentimentalize by the sea, lurk in the shrubberies and haunt the caves of La Jolla at all hours. For them are reserved the best seats at table, and the polite attentions of the head waiter. But what world-weary campaigner would begrudge them the best of everything? Not I, forsooth, nor you.

As the summer advances, and the warm days invite a sojourn at the beach, the question arises: "Where shall we go?" There are Santa Monica, Long Beach, Brighton Beach, Terminal and Santa Catalina, Redondo and Coronado, each and every one having a charm all its own. One has but to choose; and yet, with memories of happy days passed all along shore, how is one to choose?





Recreation

The Summer Girl has her innings all the year around, in California.

Now there are Summer Girls—and Summer Girls. There is the girl with a complexion, who is never to be found very far from the hotel veranda; her gay parasol blooms like some tropic flower all the way from the Sierras to the sea.

But the all-around Summer Girl is an athlete. She thinks nothing of taking a twenty-mile spin on her bicycle before lunch, although she is due at a tennis bout in the afternoon and a ball in the evening.

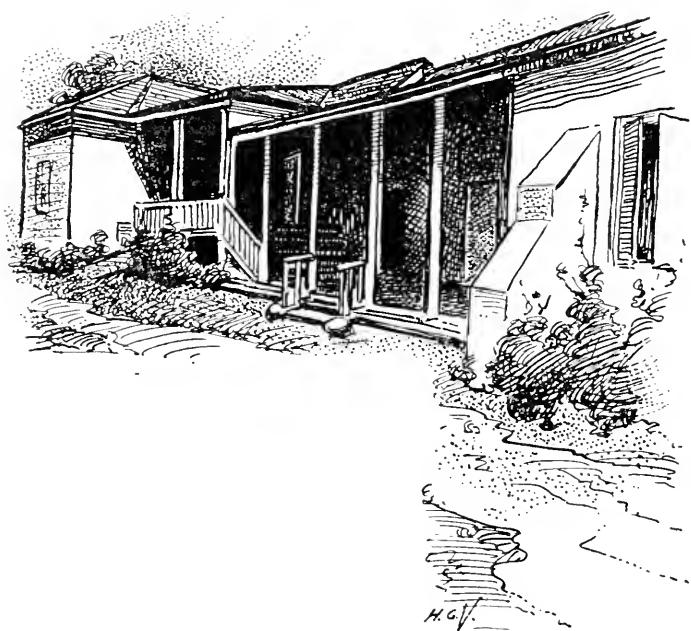
Not content with being the champion of the court, she must needs be belle of the ball! She is a good dancer, of course, as her well-filled card attests; but that, methinks, is not the secret of her popularity. It is her freedom from affectation, her straightforwardness, in short, her good-fellowship that wins the masculines, to whom a healthy, hearty, rational young woman who cares not for "small talk" or insipid compliments is as welcome as flowers in spring.

At two o'clock in the morning she leaves the halls of revelry with a regretful sigh. But she "really must get forty winks" before she goes out to the golf links! The splendid, inexhaustible vitality that is hers makes such things possible to the California girl. She is a living benediction on the athletic fad. May her tribe increase.

The beach is really the place to look for the Summer Girl. She is as numerous as the sands thereof, and from early morn until dewy eve disports along shore. There is the girl with the stunning yachting suit, who becomes seasick the moment the boat strikes a "whitecap," and the girl with no nonsense about her, who manages a craft like an able seaman; the girl who flounders about in the breakers with more zest than grace, and the girl who "takes to the water like a duck;" the girl who looks like a guy in a bathing suit—and knows it—and who spends her time exploring adjacent cañons with a properly appreciative person of the opposite sex, and the girl who does not look like a guy in a bathing suit—and knows it.

The girl who knows how will be recognized at a glance. She marches down to the water, "careless of a thousand eyes and ten thousand comments," and confidently awaits the incoming wave. There is a flash of white arms, a straight, swift plunge, and where she was there she is not. But look! Beyond the ropes a cap bobs up and down, a red speck upon the waters. She is headed for the buoy, a half mile out.

For those interested in golf, there are links at Los Angeles, Coronado, Santa Catalina, Riverside, Redlands, Redondo, Santa Monica, Pasadena and Santa Barbara—and three hundred and sixty days of summer in the year.



From Los Angeles to Santa Barbara.

BEAUTIFUL, Santa Barbara is not to be passed by; indeed, it is the shrine to which all California tourists make pilgrimage.

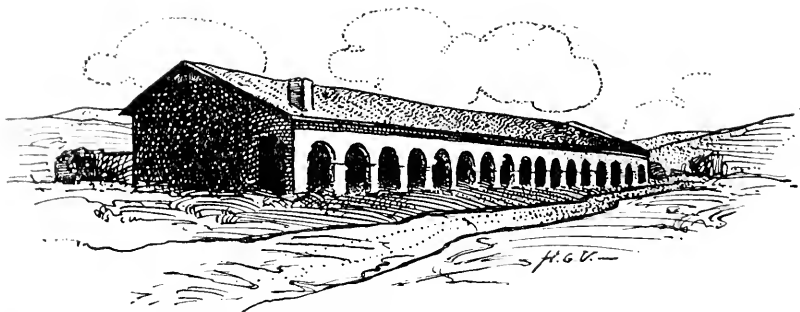
This quaint little city, half Spanish, half American, lay hazy on the sunny slope between the mountains and the sea almost a century, ere the scream of the locomotive's whistle echoed through her orange groves. Even now it is provincial in a way, although el Americano and his gold have wrought great changes here, and the humble adobe dwellings of olden time have given place to pretentious mansions that lack the picturesqueness (and inconveniences) of the former.

Santa Barbara's leisure class is composed largely of wealthy Easterners, who seek the shores of the Sunset Sea before the first snowflake falls, and there remain until summer's green girdle again encircles the earth. Their influence and their wealth have built up the place from the pueblo of fifty years ago, to the city we see today—a city with many modern conveniences, including (the incongruity of it!) electric cars to the very doors of the old mission.

Santa Barbara is now on the direct line to the Northern metropolis, San Francisco. That is but one bid of this all-the-year-round resort for popular favor. No finer hotels will be found in all California than those (present and prospective) of Santa Barbara. Added to these advantages, a climate equal to that of the celebrated resorts on the Mediterranean Riviera, and Santa Barbara is a name to conjure with.

The monastery, the religious capitol of the Franciscan order and the best preserved of the California missions, crowns the hill at the rear of the city. Against the dark background of mountains, the long colonnade and the square, Roman towers gleam white as Carrara marble.

In the walled garden at the rear of the mission, monks in brown habits pace meditatively; but, save on two occasions, when Princess Louise and the wife of General Harrison were visiting Santa Barbara, the flaming sword of Custom has barred the gate of the garden to womankind since time immemorial. Not for them are the lilies that swing censers of perfume beside the winding walks, the roses that bloom



upon the garden wall, the fruits that ripen in the genial sunshine. No hands save the padres' prune the tender vines and gather the fruits, and the roses bud, blossom and fall, unheeded.

The mountain drive which leads the traveler through El Monticito the beautiful, the ocean boulevard, palm-bordered and smooth as a city street, the sea-bathing, the boating—all contribute to the pleasure of the sojourner in Santa Barbara.

En route to the city-by-the-sea, one may stop at San Fernando for the purpose of seeing the mission of San Fernando, standing behind its sentinel palms, a mile away.

To the shame of California, be it said, the grand old mission of San Fernando, grand even in decay, was used not so many years ago as headquarters for ranch-hands. In one of the large rooms meals were cooked; in another, long tables of rough boards were placed on trestles; and in a third rude bunks had been put up. The building was open to all comers, including strayed stock; and, at the time of the writer's visit, a motherly pig and a dozen piglets together with a large flock of hens, ranged the corridor.

The roof had fallen in near the middle of the building, which, viewed from the rear, seemed on the point of breaking in two. Since that time the Landmarks' Club has taken the matter in hand, to the extent of restoring the roof and otherwise strengthening the building.

Another point of interest on the line, midway between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, is Camulos, the one-time home of "Ramona," the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel of that name.

Journeying thence in the spring of the year, when the rains have turned the brown of the mesas to green, the tourist sees at its best one of the most beautiful parts of California. Here in the fertile Santa Clara valley is the house, which, as the story tells, "was of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on three sides of the inner court."

This house, like all Spanish ranch-houses of that early day, was built to keep out the summer heat and the winter chill, for, although there is seldom a frost to blast the ten-

derest garden flower, the breezes are not always balmy in Southern California. The walls are three feet in thickness; and over the adobe brick, inside and out, is laid a creamy-white plaster. Imagine, if you can, a more charming background for the vines that wreath the pillars of the porch, curtain the narrow windows and clamber to the roof.

One cannot fail to recognize the upper veranda, or balcony, upon which opened the room allotted to gentle Father Salviederra during his infrequent visits to the home of Señora Moreno. Here, too, is the long grape arbor, leading to the brook; and here the willow-shaded pool, where Ramona washed the torn altar cloth. With the glory of the sunlight resting like a benediction upon the vale, almost would one imagine the scene unchanged.

Away to the south lie miles and miles of yellow mustard—who has not heard of the wild mustard of California?—that harbors swarms of bees, on honey-making intent. It calls to mind the passage in Ramona, relating to the journeying of good Padre Salviederra through forests of mustard:

“He struck off from the highway into a path overgrown with wild mustard. Coming up so slender that dozens can find starting-point in an inch, it darts up, five, ten, twenty feet, interlocking with all the other hundreds about it, till it is an inextricable network like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom still finer, more feathery and lace-like. The cloud of blossoms seems floating in the air. With a clear blue sky behind it—it looks like a golden snowstorm.”

A growth of wild mustard, when it has attained its full height, is, literally, a forest, since one may lose their way in the maze of blossoming stalks that meet overhead.

Over there on that softly rounded hill is a cross,—one of the few remaining of the crosses which Señora Moreno caused to be set up throughout the length and breadth of her vast rancho, that all who passed might know that they were on the land of a good Catholic.

“Between the veranda and the river meadows all was garden, orange grove and almond orchard; the orange grove always green, never without snowy blooms or golden fruit;

and the almond orchard in early spring a fluttering canopy of pink petals."

Almost is one persuaded that the long-drawn notes of Alessandro's violin are quivering upon the soft air; almost would one believe that the face—dreamy-eyed, framed in dark, silky hair—at yonder window is the face of Ramona herself. But, alas, it is said that the Ramona of romance and the Ramona of reality are not the same!

One would rather not know that Ramona was lapsed into semi-barbarism, and that she is living today in a brush hut. Also, one would be spared the knowledge that the heroine of that marvelous book is getting on in years, that she has three chins, and that she waddles when she walks.

These details are a blot upon the mental picture as the pilgrim turns, with a last look at the white-walled ranch-house, nestling in greenery, and plucks a flower for remembrance from the garden of Camulos.

In Old Santa Barbara.

She leans from the window high—
'Tis dusk in the quiet sweet—
And softly, softly a red rose flutters
Down at my feet.

One glance from the witching eyes
Has quickened my pulses' beat;
But at her side is the stern dueña,
Watchful, discreet!

A blush, a sigh and a smile,
As quick from the dusty street
I lift the rose that fell from her fingers,
Here at my feet.



AND Alessandro had brought her beautiful baskets, made by the Indian women at Pala, and one which had come from the north, from the Tulare country. It had gay feathers woven in with the reeds,—red and yellow, in alternate rows, round and round. It was like a basket made out of a bright-colored bird."

For what uses was it fashioned, this basket so like a bright-colored bird? Whose patient hands wove the fabric, strand by strand? Where grew the grasses that were gathered, dried and colored, to be woven with infinite care into a shape so perfect that we wonder at the beauty of it? None but the old basket weavers could tell; and so few are left in California that one goes far to find them.

Travelers on the overland route become familiar with the sight of Indian basket sellers, who flock to the way-stations and patiently await the arrival of the train. Without exactly knowing how it came about, the hapless tourist finds himself the possessor of vegetable crates and "buck plates," which articles subsequently do duty as waste baskets or card baskets in some Eastern home.

But the connoisseur whose fad is the collecting of baskets would never think of buying these coarse specimens of weaving. His are the baskets handed down in Indian families from generation to generation, woven at a period when the entire furnishings of the tepee were the work of the Indian woman's hands. Now that she is "civilized," the squaw no longer brings her dowry of baskets to her lord; and the art of weaving as weaving was done in those days will soon be a lost one.

Everything, from the pappoose's cradle to the pitched jug in which water was carried, was woven by the woman. Take, for instance, the grain basket:

"Here and there, between the houses, were huge baskets, larger than barrels, woven of twigs as the eagle weaves its nest, only tighter and thicker. These were the outdoor granaries; in these were kept acorns, barley, wheat and corn.

Ramona thought them, as well she might, the prettiest things she ever saw."

It was no holiday task merely to collect the twigs and root fibers, the materials from which the baskets were made; and months were spent in the construction of each one of them.

It is further related that the strings of the net in which Ramona carried her belongings, on the night of her flight with Alessandro, cut her forehead because she had no "basket" to protect the head.

"When they rode down into the valley, the whole village was astir. The vintage-time had nearly passed; everywhere were to be seen large, flat baskets of grapes, drying in the sun. Old women and children were turning these, or pounding acorns in deep stone bowls; the oldest women were sitting on the ground, weaving baskets."

The embryo collector, with the confidence born of inexperience, decides that he will "pick up" a few baskets while in California, to take home as souvenirs. He is directed to the shop of a curio dealer. Oh, yes, the dealer has Indian baskets for sale. Straightway he produces them and names the price.

There are deep, bowl-shaped baskets, used—before the days of tin lard buckets and the useful but undecorative tomato-can—for cooking utensils. These baskets held water, which was brought to a boiling point by casting in stones heated red-hot in the embers. Jugs there are, of various sizes, shaped like the Mexican olla and coated with pitch to render them water-tight. A hopper—which is a bottomless basket, made to fit over a hollow stone on which corn was ground—is ornamented with beads, inwoven with grasses dyed black, brown and red. Shallow baskets, in which meal was mixed; "carrying" baskets—cone-shaped and provided with a strap to pass around the forehead—which were borne on the back; prettily woven caps, designed to protect the head from the chafing of the strap; clothes-hampers wherein the dusky dame's scanty wardrobe was kept,—these and many more he sees, and yearns for with a mighty yearning.

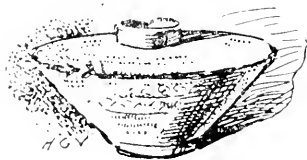
Having duly inspected and priced the larger baskets, he turns his attention to the "trinket" baskets. Here, he ob-

serves, are pretty trifles, some of them no larger than the hand. No doubt they can be had for a song. He will take a dozen of them.

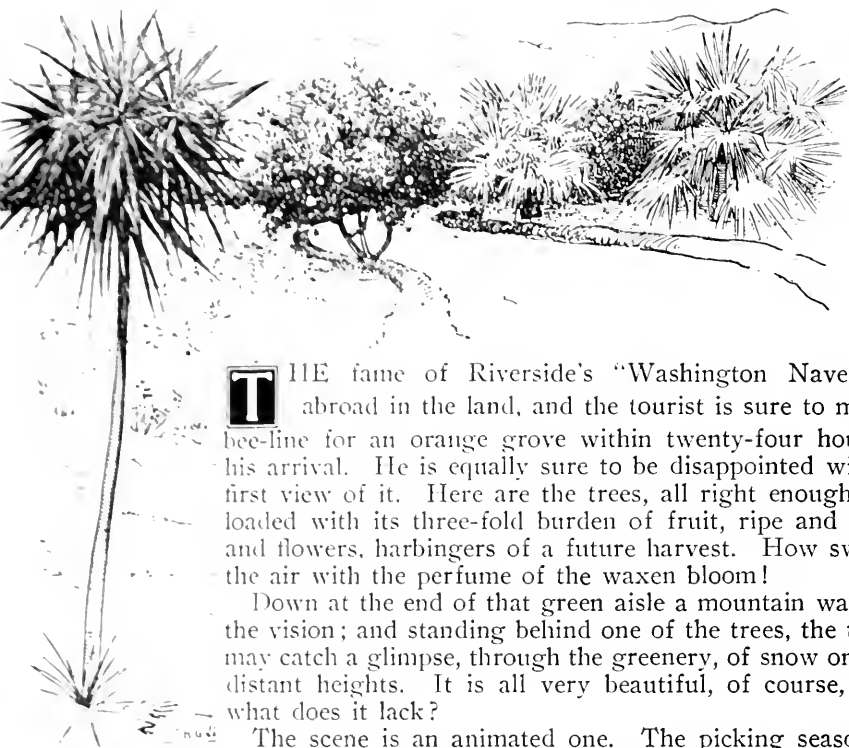
"How much?" he inquires, holding up a tiny affair ornamented with wampum and feathers from the breast of the teal duck.

"Fifteen dollars," says the curio dealer, with a nonchalant air.

There is a very wonderful basket, a "bottle-neck," that is, a basket with globular body and narrow neck, and one of the most difficult shapes to weave. The bottle-neck haunts the tourist. Sleeping and waking he sees its graceful shape, the fineness of the weaving, the beautiful golden-brown tint that only time and service impart to specimens of the textile art; and waking and sleeping he sees the price—twenty-five dollars!



The Groves and Gardens of Riberside.



THE fame of Riverside's "Washington Navels" is abroad in the land, and the tourist is sure to make a bee-line for an orange grove within twenty-four hours of his arrival. He is equally sure to be disappointed with his first view of it. Here are the trees, all right enough, each loaded with its three-fold burden of fruit, ripe and green, and flowers, harbingers of a future harvest. How sweet is the air with the perfume of the waxen bloom!

Down at the end of that green aisle a mountain wall bars the vision; and standing behind one of the trees, the tourist may catch a glimpse, through the greenery, of snow on more distant heights. It is all very beautiful, of course, but—what does it lack?

The scene is an animated one. The picking season has commenced, and the grounds are astir with workers. Scores of men are despoiling the trees of the ripened fruit, which is carted to the packing-house. American laborers are chiefly employed, and with characteristic energy they are attending strictly to business—intent only upon filling as many boxes as possible. The Chinese workers preserve a stolid indifference to all but the task before them, and are likewise diligent. But the Mexican finds time to stop and eat an orange occasionally, while he gossips with a comrade; and so long as he earns enough one day to enable him to be idle the next, he is content.

"They must have photographed this very scene for an illustration in 'Picturesque California,'" says the tourist. "It is very like, but—"

His eye brightens. He has located the fly in the ointment.

"It's this loose soil lying around underfoot," he announces. "Now, if your orange orchards were seeded down, like the apple orchards back East—"

Some irreverent soul has suggested that the Garden of Eden must have been located near Riverside, adding, by the way of a "clincher":

"Where else do flowers and fruits attain such perfection?"

Where, indeed! Hundreds of plants that are never seen outside a greenhouse on the other side of the Great Divide flourish hardily in the open air. The geranium, a favorite "pot plant" of the Eastern flower lover, turns loose in this genial clime and clambers to the top of a tree, or anything else that is within reach. A fuschia twenty feet high is no novelty, and a really ambitious heliotrope never stops short of a second-story window.

The waxen-cupped magnolia of the south, the pink-flowered oleander, the crape myrtle, the bird-of-paradise, laurustinas, callas, in clumps and hedgerows, the graceful ceanothus, bamboo, roses, carnations, fresas, palms,—the fan, sago and date,—the pine, the eucalyptus, which is of Australian birth; the camphor tree, of Japanese origin; the Egyptian fire tree, its gem-like blossoms set flat on leafless twigs; the floriponda, of pungent perfume; hardy willows, poplars, maples, birches—all these and many more, trees and flowers of every country and clime have a place in the groves and gardens of Riverside.

Los Angeles City Directory.

LOS ANGELES is nothing if not cosmopolitan. The tourist brushes garments, in passing along the streets, with representatives from every state in the Union, and, it may be said, of every country in the world. At one time papers in German, French, Italian, Chinese and Basque were published here.

There are seven public parks within the limits of the city, affording a breathing-space of six hundred acres, five-sixths of which is included in Elysian park, a tract diversified by hills and valleys, and traversed from end to end by a boulevard. In addition to the pleasure-grounds within the city, an unimproved tract of 3,000 acres lies just outside the limits, following the trend of the foothills.

Los Angeles has churches of every denomination, there being over one hundred in the city, and also a large number of religious, charitable and benevolent societies.

The educational advantages are excellent, the city boasting, aside from its public schools, many good private schools and colleges.

Three theaters, together with a pavilion and various halls, furnish amusement for the Angeleno and the stranger within his gates, the best dramatic talent of the country appearing here.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The library is quartered on the third floor of the City Hall. The elevator runs from 8:50 a. m., to 9:30 p. m. The reading room, open every day in the year (on Sundays and holidays, from 1 to 9 p. m.), has on file six hundred newspapers and magazines. Privileges granted to all. The library contains 62,000 books. A well-equipped reference room, presided over by courteous attendants, is open from 9 a. m., until 9:30 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

The main office is located on South Spring street, corner of Eighth.

Office hours—General delivery open from 8 a. m., to 8 p. m.; Sundays from 9:45 a. m. to 11 a. m. only.

Registry office open from 9 a. m., to 9 p. m.

Stamp window open from 8 a. m., to 6 p. m.

Package window open from 9 a. m., to 6 p. m.

Money order window open from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.

Eleven branch offices have been established where letters and packages are mailed, money orders issued and paid, stamps purchased and letters registered. They are located as follows:

Station A, 112 South Daly street.

Station B, 2131 East 1st street.

Station C, 363 North Main street.

Station D, 1200 West Washington street.

Station E, 1656 Temple street.

Station F, 1910 South Main street.

Station G, 2603 Central avenue.

Station H, 2306 Union avenue.

Station K, Central avenue, corner of Vermont avenue.

Sub Station No. 1, 1452 San Fernando street.

Sub Station No. 2, 403 South Broadway.

Pico Heights Station, 2657 West Pico street.

University Station, 37th street, corner of Wesley avenue.

CHURCHES.

First Baptist Church, 725 South Flower street.

Catholic (Roman), Cathedral of St. Vibiana, Main, between East 2nd and East 3rd streets, and Church of Our Lady of Angels (Plaza), 525 North Main street.

First Congregational Church, corner of South Hill and West 6th streets.

Episcopal, St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, 535 South Olive street.

Jewish, Congregation B'nai B'rith, worships in Synagogue, corner West 9th and South Hope streets.

First English Lutheran Church, 800 South Flower street.

First German Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church, 755 South Flower street.

First Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of South Hill and West 6th streets.

First Presbyterian Church, corner of West 20th and South Figueroa streets.

Immanuel Presbyterian Church, corner of South Figueroa and West 10th streets.

Church of the Unity, 927 South Flower street.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. Building is located on Broadway, near Second street. Rooms open to visitors from 8:30 a. m., to 10 p. m. Reading room open to visitors as well as members.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has quarters on the second floor, at 211 West Second street. The object of this association is the spiritual, intellectual and social advancement of young women.

Rooms open from 9 a. m., to 9 p. m. Reading room supplied with daily papers and current periodicals.

W. C. T. U.

Headquarters at Temperance Temple, corner of Broadway and Temple street.

SALVATION ARMY.

Headquarters at 327½ South Spring street.

HOTELS.

Van Nuys, corner of Main and Fourth streets.

Westminster, corner of Main and Fourth streets.

Van Nuys Broadway, Broadway, near Fourth street.

Angelus, corner of Spring and Fourth streets.

Hollenbeck, corner of Spring and Second streets.

Nadeau, corner of Spring and First streets.

Palms, Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh streets.

Broadway Hotel, Broadway, between Fourth and Fifth streets.

Ramona, Spring street, near Third.

Bellevue Terrace, corner of Sixth and Figueroa streets.

Melrose, Grand avenue, between First and Second streets.

Abbotsford Inn, 801 South Hope street.

Westlake Hotel, 720 Westlake avenue.

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

THE camaraderie among Los Angeles women is proverbial, and not only are there clubs that advance education, taking up the study of art, literature or music along well-defined lines, but clubs that have no other object than the promotion of social intercourse.

Of the latter class, the Friday Morning Club, with a membership of four hundred and fifty women, stands first. This club owns the elegant building on Figueroa street, the Woman's Club House; and in the spacious, well-arranged, artistically furnished rooms weekly meetings are held, at which subjects of interest to women are discussed.

Now and then there is a musical morning, or a Round Table is held, at which the latest books are reviewed; and once a month a luncheon is given in the well-appointed dining-rooms on the second floor.

A gentleman from abroad, who was being shown about, exclaimed: "Why, this is more like a man's club-house than a house of women's planning." And so it is. There are no "fripperies" anywhere. The Woman's Club House of Los Angeles is without peer in point of elegance, convenience and good taste.

The Ruskin Art Club, the oldest in the city, with a membership of one hundred women, has quarters in the Blanchard building, on Broadway.

This club excels in serious and conscientious work. Among the subjects taken up have been the Art of the Renaissance, to which years of study were devoted, and Modern Art, to which two years of study were given. Women who have a tour of Europe in view would do well to join this club.

The Wednesday Morning Club of East Los Angeles is the "baby" among clubs, having been formed in 1898. The work is done in sections—literature, music and current events—under able leaders.

Young as it is, this club has gained great prestige in Los Angeles.

Of the musical clubs of Los Angeles, The Treble Clef Club is the oldest. This club registers one hundred names, and has in Madame Isadore Martinez, an efficient leader.

The Monday Musical Club admits both pianists and singers, and a high grade of excellence has been attained by many of its members.

The Woman's Orchestra, organized by the eminent musician Mr. Harley Hamilton, has been in existence for several

years, the members, twenty-five in number, meeting for practice every week.

Club life, however, seems to center at the Shakespeare House, on Fifteenth and Figueroa streets.

This is the home of the Galpin Shakespeare Club, and the Ebell Club and Mrs. Addie Murphy Grigg's School of Expression are also quartered here.

The Ebell Club is a study club, with a large and enthusiastic membership.

The work of the Ebell is carried on in sections—literature, music, tourist, history, and the conversation, or story teller's section—under able leadership.

A brief description of the Shakespeare House will be of interest, not only to students of the immortal bard, but to the public at large. The idea of erecting a monument to Shakespeare was first conceived in the mind of Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin, under whose leadership the Shakespeare clubs of Los Angeles and adjacent cities have done noteworthy work, and was carried out by Mrs. Addie Murphy Grigg.

The front elevation is a facsimile of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon. The birth room is an exact reproduction of the one in Shakespeare's home. Here are the heavy beams, the old oak wainscoting, the quaint fireplace, the rough plastering, the color of a dead leaf. In this room will be gathered Shakespeareana in the shape of books and pictures, together with busts of Shakespeare, of Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra, and other characters of Shakespeare's creating.

A large reception hall, shaped like the letter T, and handsomely furnished, an audience room with perfectly appointed stage for dramatic work, a gymnasium, banquet room, studios, and four club rooms for the use of the Ebell Club are also included in the make-up of the Shakespeare House—the greatest monument to Shakespeare in the United States.

The crowning feature of this wonderfully planned and artistic home of the Shakespeare Club will be the old English garden at the south of the building, wherein will be planted the flowers immortalized by Shakespeare.

Chamber of Commerce.

ON a rainy day—we have 'em occasionally, just to bring out the flowers—the most interesting place in the city in which to spend the morning is the Chamber of Commerce, on the second floor of the building at the corner of Broadway and Fourth street.

The rooms are open from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m., and the exhibits of California products—fruits, wines, woods, flowers, etc.,—on the first floor is alone worth hours of study.

In the gallery above may be seen Dr. Palmer's wonderful collection of stone implements and other Indian relics, found in California and adjacent islands; the quaint, wooden carreta, or Indian cart, two hundred years old, brought from New Mexico; cases of fine photographs illustrating picturesque California, and other things of interest.

The Coronel collection, room 11, second floor (open Wednesdays and Saturdays), is a museum in itself.

Illustrative of life in California under the mission regime are the wine press of the San Gabriel mission, the historic copper, or still, used in making brandy, once the property of the same mission, branding irons, used to mark the mission herds that they might be distinguished from the herds of adjacent ranches, curiously decorated clubs and sticks employed by the Indians in playing games, hand-wrought spurs, chains, locks, keys, plow-points, reaping-hooks, etc. Here, too, is the first cannon brought into California. It was made in 1717. Father Junipero Serra, so it is said, brought the cannon to San Diego in 1769. It made its long journey overland on the back of a mule, and was afterward used for the firing of salutes at festivals and feasts.

Most important in the Coronel collection are the two cases filled with pottery, excavated from the Pyramid of the Sun, San Juan Teotihuacan, Mexico.

This pottery is, presumably, Toltec, and comprises vases, cinerary urns, jars, idols, musical instruments, censers, cups, whistles, masks and pipes. Students of archaeology will find much to interest them in this exhibit.

A set of six paintings, portraying the downfall of the

Aztecs at the hands of Cortez, brought from Old Mexico, are vastly interesting. They were in the Coronel family one hundred and fifty years, and are said to be three hundred years old. A collection of modern paintings (including Coronel's portrait), illustrates early life in the Pueblo de Los Angeles.

A case of Mexican ware (modern) containing beautiful specimens of the Guadalajara and Guadalupe (holy) ware, attracts much attention, as does the case of Mexican feather-work, showing the Mexican's ingenuity in this line.

A case of Mexican figures in wax, no figure more than an inch high and perfect in every detail, tells the story of Mexican life, high and low. Here, too, is a case of drawn-work with printed explanations of the significance of each pattern.

Cases of costumes (Mexican) embrace everything characteristic of Mexican dress, from the silver-trimmed sombrero to the spurs of el señor; and from the high comb of peculiar design, evidently the one-time possession of a member of the Spanish nobility, to the rebozo of a woman of the lower class.

Don Antonio Coronel, to whom Los Angeles is indebted for this priceless collection, came to Los Angeles in 1836, when there were less than a thousand people in the pueblo, and remained here until the time of his death.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTELS.

Avalon, Santa Catalina—Hotel Metropole.
Coronado—Hotel del Coronado.
Echo Mountain—Alpine Tavern.
Long Beach—Seaside Inn.
Pasadena—Hotel Green, La Pintesca.
Redlands—Hotel Windsor, Casa Loma.
Redondo—Hotel Redondo.
Riverside—Casa Palma.
San Diego—Hotel Brewster, Hotel Florence.
Santa Barbara—Hotel Arlington, Hotel Potter.
Santa Monica—Hotel Arcadia.
Terminal Island—Terminal Tavern.

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